

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

SENDING a second Canadian Contingent to South Africa meets with the approval of everyone. When it was proposed to send the first Contingent the seriousness of the situation was not appreciated. Even those who clamored loudest for the project only argued that it was necessary as a "demonstration" of our loyalty. As a rule I do not believe in demonstrations of loyalty, or of anything else. To be patriotic, loyal, to be good citizens, faithful friends, considerate neighbors, is a matter of every hour of one's life. To proceed to make a demonstration of one's love or loyalty is apt to be a cheap thing, and from its very emptiness to degrade the highest impulses of the human heart. Now that every colony of Great Britain appreciates the necessity not only of demonstrating its loyalty, but of contributing its share, everything is changed. While no one imagines that if the Little Islands were left alone in the fight they would not win, the struggle has assumed a character which demands the assistance of every colony. Canada will cheerfully furnish ten thousand troops and pay the expenses, and be benefited thereby, inasmuch as every Canadian will learn the self-reliance and self-respect of being something more than a ward of the Empire. It is time that we should let the world know that in a critical moment we can do as much as any people of the same number on earth, to defend what we believe to be right. Furthermore, we can prove that though for many years past we have been slow to assume our share of the burden of Empire defence, we are now willing to not only do the duty of the moment, but to pay up our old debts.

Canadians are perhaps slow to move, as they are slow to forget, but they also hate to be forgotten. We have sometimes thought in this country that Great Britain did not appreciate us. It often happens that we do not appreciate people because we do not know them, and we do not know them because we do not appreciate them. Great Britain may not have appreciated Canada until the Jubilee year Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in such a statesmanlike manner, drew attention to what we are willing to do and to what we desire. It was an example followed by every colonial statesman, and the colonies have since been clustering closer to the Motherland. An emergency having arisen, Canada has proven that while she may be slow to make empty demonstrations she is swift in a time of need. This is much better than to have wasted all the enthusiasm of the Dominion on what at first was considered a parade. We have proved our sincerity; we have indicated that we are not anxious to make empty protestations or advertise our loyalty. The promptness with which the second call has been answered should forever silence those people who make a business of talking loyalty, and who can scarcely utter or write a sentence without incorporating a resolution protesting loyalty and affection which have never been questioned and which can only be proven as Canada is proving them. Hereafter to talk about loyalty is to be offensive. The cheapness of the expression ruins the phrase as anything except the badge of a lip-servant. When we are called upon to act we will never fail. And thank God we have done enough already to make talking about loyalty nothing but the badge of those who are neither patriotic, self-sacrificing nor endurable. No one who understood Canada ever thought of anything different; no one who desires to be popular in this country should hereafter engage in saying things which Canadians have proven by their deeds. It cannot be presumed for a moment that the great British Empire does not see the finish of this Boer war, or that it can be diverted from the purpose which it has at heart. If less than a quarter of a million Boers could provide enough men to fight them to a finish, even if there were no British Empire. Without disturbing our domestic arrangements, fifty thousand men can go if none come back, and we only need to be shown the necessity in order to provide them. These seem to be large words, but Canada has learned a large lesson in her close proximity to the United States, and there is no other colony which has the same reasons for close adherence to an Imperial arrangement.

The suggestions which have been made by various newspapers with regard to the class of men to be sent to the front, almost invariably point to the benefit which a force of the North-West Mounted Police would be as scouts. We do not need to be imitators. Mounted militia and yeomanry may come from elsewhere. Canada can provide troops which can fight the Boers at their own game and whip them at it, man for man, even in an unknown country. Our plainsmen and mountaineers, all eager to go, it is to be hoped will have an opportunity in this contingent or in the next.

THE killing of Mrs. Rogers on the corner of Wellesley and Church streets will rightfully enough be held by the people of this city as an evidence that the Street Railway Company is enjoying its franchise without due regard to the lives of the populace. According to the finding of the coroner's jury the car was going at an illegal rate, while the driver of the sleigh was contributory to the accident; yet, if due care had been taken by the Street Railway Company the accident would not have been as serious as it was.

The Church street railway has been known as the express line of Toronto. This has its advantages, for many people would rather wait for the fast car than go over to Yonge street or take the Belt Line. People on the street have become used to it, and keep out of the way of the swiftly moving car. If a vote were taken of the people of Rosedale and Church street, probably the majority would be in favor of retaining the present speed, yet while anxious to obtain this advantage they are no doubt ready, when an accident happens, to criticize the road for the small number of cars and the great rate of speed at which they run. This is one of the peculiarities of those who demand a service from a corporation, but fortunately the lives and limbs of the people may be protected by something more than the whim of those directly concerned either as managers of the road or beneficiaries of the speed.

The statement which has been made and accepted that the fenders are cheap and miserable things ought to convince the Railway Company that they must prove that they have the most modern appliances, or else procure them. To those who glance at the fenders made of some old gas-pipe and a little wire netting, it appears that something better might be had. In other cities those who go about will observe that much more expensive and humane appliances are to be found. The Toronto Street Railway Company must be made to understand, if it does not now understand, that their franchise does not give them a title to the lands and lives of the people of this city. The railway is not the manager of the city; it is simply a device for the convenience of the citizens, and this device must be of the best sort.

Nothing has been so thoroughly demonstrated in Toronto as that corporations have much more influence than the people. Persistent effort and continuity of purpose have always enabled the Grand Trunk, the C.P.R., the Toronto Railway Company, the Gas Company, the Electric Light Company, the Telephone Company, and all other owners of franchises, to give the city the worst of it. The situation is not a new one, but it is likely to be used by one at least of the Mayoralty candidates as an argument for his election. His previous history is quite consistent with the idea of using an accident on one of the roads as a reason why he should be placed in the Mayor's chair in order

that he may demonstrate his power to destroy corporations. It is bad enough to have corporations making much money while occasionally destructive of life, but it would be still worse to have a man endowed with authority to enter into frightfully expensive and interminable suits against institutions which, no matter how reckless they occasionally may prove themselves, are still contributing to the prosperity of the city.

We may have stood a great deal, we may have to stand a great deal; no city on earth can be so governed as not to be made "sit up" for many unpleasant things. No one man can correct these things. At any time the majority, or any large section of the electors, sees fit, they can tear up the street railway and defy the police. This measure is open at any time. It would be far better to attack a corporation in this way than to delegate the power to fight the railroad system to a man who has never sought anything but his own advantage. His advantage in such a situation would be to be paid for his retirement from his ante-election position. The one alluded to has already been guilty of such retirements and of making use of trivial positions in order to benefit himself. To put such tremendous powers in the hands of an improper person would be still worse than the placing in the hands of corporations extraordinary privileges intended for the public service. The way to entrench aggressive corporations in this city is to make it possible for them to form, an alliance with the chief magistrate, and none but the powers of heaven and hell could then disturb the monopoly or protect the citizens. Those who contemplate the election of a man who was never known to have a scruple; who is known to be the tool of men who have ends to serve; who has no stake in the city, no social status, no com-

"sit up." Almost anybody could get up a crowd which would throw every self-seeking and objectionable alderman out of the windows of the Council Chamber. If we took proper interest in our own business this would have been done long ago. "Controlling" the Council, "controlling" the Board of Control, has in the past been to the disadvantage of every taxpayer. If we get a Council that any decent man in the city cannot control when he is right, it will be to our shame. If the city does not see that the said Council is controlled by whoever is elected Mayor, it should also bring the blush to everyone. The city ought to control the Council and control the Mayor. They are servants, and paid servants, and there should be no delay in deciding who is bossing the job and as to whether trading in offices, appointments, contracts, improvements, is to be the method employed or the public necessities are to be first considered.

THE Empire Theater has been closed for the past couple of weeks. To the credit of Toronto it may be said that the place has been patronized very little of late, the audiences dwindling down almost to the vanishing point. There is, however, an easy harvest to be reaped about New Year's by a man who can open any kind of a show, for people suddenly begin to rush to plays and entertainments as in the earlier winter they do not, and I am told that the manager, or the late manager, of the Empire, or whatever he may choose to regard himself, proposes to open that resort about New Year's Day. This being so, I wish to point out that all theater licenses in Toronto expire on December 31, and the Empire Theater cannot open on January 1 unless Chief of Police Grasett picks up a pen and signs his name officially to

stake. I have seen pigs around a trough, and cattle in a stampede, and brokers yelling when there was a break in stocks, but I never saw anything so absolutely barbarous as the women who were crowding one another about in Macey's. I know nothing of bargains, and though I had a specific place to go and a small article to buy, which could be had no where else so far as I knew, it took me an hour and a half, and when I emerged from that maddening, perspiring, scolding and avaricious horde, I felt as if I had been through a month's sickness, and I made vows that having been in such a place as that once, I would never go again, even if I missed a deed to a farm or a title to an estate. If one wants to lose all faith in womankind, and to have one's perspective with regard to the female sex destroyed, let him go to a bargain store when the mob is looking for something for less than cost. I can find reasons for defying lynchers, and I can see why terrible barbarities are practiced by communities who think they are defending the rights of their women folk, but I cannot find any explanation, except that the bargain-hunter is a savage, for the mob that goes up to buy something for less than cost. Less than the legitimate cost means somebody's blood, somebody's starvation, somebody's agony, and yet the "gentlest" will almost mob one another to get the results of killing toil. This may not be true of Toronto, but it is the case in New York, and I am sorry to bear witness to the fact.

TWO well known Torontonians were talking over their luncheon the other day, when one asked the other whom he intended to support for Mayor. The elder one, who is noted for his shrewdness and ability, answered, "The people of Toronto are nothing more nor less, from a business point of view, than a joint stock company. As a member of several such companies, when I go to the annual meeting whom do I support for directors but those who are successful in their own business, have a reputation for being honest and capable in their relations with other people, and who, if elected, would have something more than the mere directors' fees in view? I vote for aldermen on this principle. When the president of a company is to be elected I do not pick out the poorest director or the man with the least stake in the company, or whose record has been incapacity in his own business. I do not believe that the man who cannot make money for himself can make money for other people. It looks reasonable that the one who is incompetent to manage his own affairs should not be placed in a position to control the affairs of others. Ald. John Hallam has earned the position of Mayor, if long service can entitle anyone to be chief magistrate, or president, or whatever you see fit to call the man who will have most to say with regard to the government of the city. He is the only candidate who has proven himself in private concerns a good business man, and I shall certainly support him." This looks reasonable, and if we would only manage our business as private corporations manage theirs we certainly would not have such a queer lot of directors—aldermen we call them—nor make presidents—or mayors, as we call them—out of men who have never proven themselves good business men in the management of their own personal matters. It is not given to everybody to be a good business man. Without envy or malice we often laugh at those who have risen from nothing to the honest possession of riches, but I think the majority of us who lack wealth would sacrifice a good many of the qualities which we prize most, and which are perhaps most prized by others, in order to possess some of the good hard sense, foresight and adaptability which every now and again demonstrate themselves as superior in the management of business and public and private concerns, to the more gracious accomplishments which are so apt to attract us when we choose from candidates for public office.

In an article entitled The Powers of a Mayor, the Mail and Empire speaks as follows:

On the eve of a municipal election in which good, bad, and indifferent candidates are offering themselves for the Mayorship, it may be well to remind the citizens that the Mayor is something more than an alderman of the city at large and an ornamental figurehead of the Council. It would almost seem as if the change made in his powers by the Act creating the Board of Control had escaped general notice. Previous to that change his powers did not transcend those of the colleagues over whom he presided. But now they do. The Board of Control, constituted by the Act of 1886, consists of the Mayor and three aldermen. Its duties are to prepare the annual estimates, to award all contracts, to inspect monthly all public works under construction, to nominate heads of departments and sub-departments, to dismiss and suspend heads of departments for due cause, and to act generally as the Executive of the Council. And the estimates fixed upon, the contracts awarded, the appointments made, and the removals from office effected by the board must stand, unless they are opposed by two-thirds of the Council present at any meeting in which such acts of the board are considered.

In the four persons composing this body, therefore, there is vested a very large measure of authority. In a board so constituted and exercising such large powers, the Mayor's influence, for good or evil, is bound to be the paramount one. It has proved to be so in our three years' experience of the arrangement. This is owing to the facts that the board is so small and that in the event of a tie the Mayor has a second vote. If he and one other member of the board are in favor of appointing a certain person to an office or of removing a fire chief or other head of department, or of awarding a big contract to a certain party, or of striking the tax rate at so many mills in the dollar, they can carry their will against the opposition of the other two members by the Mayor's casting vote. To make himself master of the board it is thus only necessary for the Mayor to see that one of the three aldermen upon it is his close ally. Usually his influence is strong enough to secure the election by the Council of one member who is specially *persona grata* to him. And, of course, the Mayor who thus dominates the board dominates the Council, as the acts of himself and his compliant supporter can be reversed or modified only by a total vote of two-thirds of the whole Council present.

Since the Mayor has been made so much more powerful, it behooves us to look more to character than we ever did before in choosing a man for the office. He should be a clear-headed man of business, able to see what is best for the city, and strong enough to act upon his sense of duty. He should be absolutely independent and defiant of all rings or cliques. If he is a man of this kind he will not abuse the great powers he is able to secure. But by means of these powers a Mayor who is a schemer, an enemy of property, or the tool of a gang could ruin the city. His practical control of the tax rate, of places, and of contracts could be used to establish a system as infamous as that of Tammany. The position to which the Mayor has been hoisted by the constitution of the Board of Control is one in which only a safe man can be trusted. In electing a Mayor no class of the civic community can less afford to be reckless with their votes than those thrifty ones who want to see industry kept flourishing, and who desire to acquire homes for themselves here.

I will not say in favor of whose candidature the above article was written, but I am quite sure that ninety-nine out of a hundred of the "thrifty class" appealed to will immediately insert the name of John Hallam as most likely to fill the bill.

THE letters from Mr. Hamilton, the war correspondent of the Globe with the Canadian Contingent, are distinctly interesting reading. The naïveté of Mr. Hamilton's style leads us to believe that he is describing the circumstances exactly as he saw them, or as they would be viewed by the Canadian reader. He professes no knowledge of military tactics, discipline, or the conduct of a campaign, but he tells us just exactly what we want to know with regard to what is going on. It is said that Mr. Hamilton knows a good deal about military affairs, but he



CAUGHT IN THE STORM.

Drawn for SATURDAY NIGHT by John Innes.

mercial rating, no solidity of any sort, may hope that a fight will be made against corporations, but they will find themselves laughed at, because the Mayor and the corporations owning franchises will have a similarity of interest the moment this person's demands are complied with.

AN argument has been advanced that John Hallam is unfitted to be Mayor of Toronto because he would be unlikely to be able to control the City Council. This is a delicate subject, for we are obliged to ask how the City Council is ordinarily controlled by "tactful" men who have been Mayor or are applying for the situation. Probably anybody can control the City Council who is willing to lend himself to the scheme of every wire-puller, log-roller and self-seeker who obtains a seat in it. Are we anxious to have a man who will control the Council on these terms? Probably it requires a prize-fighter to control the men we elect. If so, we have no prize-fighters in sight and should hasten to get one. At any rate, we have presented to us the extraordinary situation of a prospective Council which needs some violent measures for its control. Would it not be better to elect a Council who will act like reasonable men and accept a businesslike government? Of course, if we expect to elect a Council consisting of the thugs and toughs of the city, we ought to have a Mayor capable of pounding the solar plexus of each one individually and of all collectively. If we contemplate the election of a business Council it should not frighten us to also contemplate the election of a business Mayor. We have had enough of this "controlling" the Council. We all know the methods employed. What we need is a man who will control the business of the city, and it is quite probable that there are enough policemen who can be spared from the force to keep the Council in order. If we elect twenty-four aldermen and a Mayor, twenty-five in all, we cannot expect the Mayor to be able to whip the entire batch, nor do we hope for one who will be in harmony with all of his colleagues unless he yields to every request presented to him. It might be a good experiment to have a Mayor who does not control the Council on old methods. We can afford to turn in and help the Mayor make his advisers

a sheet of paper licensing that house to continue its vulgar, vile and immoral existence. In the interests of public decency and in the interests of the reputable stage let Chief Grasett refuse to grant licenses to the Empire and Bijou theaters. He cannot possibly be unaware of what these theaters are, and knowing what they are he cannot possibly license their continuance. To make occasional demonstrations against these theaters in the police court will be found to be a very poor device for soothing public opinion, when it becomes generally known that these places cannot open on or after January 1 unless by a new license freshly issued by the Chief of Police. If the Ministerial Association, instead of talking against all forms of amusement except playing "button" and "pussy wants a corner," would form a deputation to wait upon Chief Grasett and protest against licensing these two houses that give performances in which every thought is vile, every word and action vulgar, they would be doing something really worth while.

WAS in New York last Monday when a great break in stocks took place. I saw something of the madness of Wall street and the frightful headlines of newspapers. It seemed to me most extraordinary, when a disaster was occurring, that the newspapers should contribute to it. Had it not been for the level-headedness of some of the leading bankers the commercial face of the United States would have been ripped open. With few exceptions the New York papers always contribute to every disaster by using it as the sensation of the hour. However, if the brokers in Wall street were madmen, I found another place where insanity of a cheaper and less explicable sort was also manifested. I was charged with a trivial errand which led me into the greatest departmental store in New York. It being near the holiday season the enormous place was crowded from wall to wall. Floor-walkers and everybody capable of directing the stranger were lost sight of. In the hunt for bargains the crowd, of which perhaps ninety-five per cent. were women, surged wildly to and fro, besieging and overloading the elevators, jabbing one another with their elbows, lugging children by the hand, and fighting their way through as if everything they had on earth or hoped for in heaven was at

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is very kind to his readers when he drops that sort of thing and is nothing more than a spectator. Probably, if he assumed to be a critic, he would be less thought of. We do not want to see things through the eyes of an expert, but to know exactly what our boys are doing and what they feel.

It must have been somewhat rough on some of the tenderly reared youths who are serving as privates, to have had to scrub the decks of the Sardinian and empty the slop-buckets, but it must have been a useful experience. The best men that the world puts forth are those who know something about the seamy as well as the silky side of life. A man who thinks that the seamy section of life is to be left out in his case may not get his unpalatable dose until late in life, but it will come some time. It is just as well for the young fellows to tackle a tough section when they are young and strong, for the brief period of hardship may teach them to provide for old age or warn them that the paths of glory lead not only to the grave, but sometimes to barrack duty of a very unpleasant variety.

As the lads get nearer the front the war seems to be warming up as if a hot reception were to be tendered them by the Boers. This is what they want after, and this is what they would be disappointed if they did not find. Nevertheless, in this case, as in thousands of others, it is those who are left behind who suffer most. The spirit of battle and the intoxication of action cannot fill the nostrils of those who weep at home as they do those of the lusty young fellows who are eager to distinguish themselves. It is not the women alone who lie open-eyed in the dark and wonder what fortune is falling in the way of the Canadian Contingent, nor is it alone the men who have sons or brothers in the war, who seize the newspapers to find out if they have yet seen an engagement; it is all Canada. Every Canadian's pulse beats faster when he hears of an engagement; every child of the Dominion looks askance at his neighbors when a reverse is recorded; every heart beats in unison with the drums which call the troops to action or summon them to toll. As the war grows larger and the necessity of all British subjects joining in the petty projects so much discussed at the beginning are forgotten and the necessities of the hour are being acutely felt, as civilians far removed from the scene of action we may feel disposed to criticize the movements of the generals, but as Britishers we should hold our peace, and when asked what we would do in case of a reverse always answer, "Ready, aye ready."

Peace We Beseech.

Father Eternal, Saviour Omnipotent,
Love everlasting, Spirit the Comforter,
Light of all Darkness, peace we beseech Thee,
Turn Thou the hearts of men, make them Thy sons again.
Save, we entreat!

Rulers are merciless; statesmen, diplomats,
Armies are units, composite unity
Made but of souls, and then hurried without thought or ken,
Even by the will of men, into Eternity.
Saviour, give peace!

Hear Thou the widows cry, save those now doomed to die,
Death opens wide her doors, dark is the portal.
Christ wash their sins away, take them to endless day,
Pity mortality, Guidance Immortal.
Life is revealed!

Barrie, Dec. 3rd, 1899. LEAH JOSSELYN.

Canadians in War Time.



WRITING about the conduct of the war in South Africa, one of the European critics makes the statement that the British generals have gained their war experience from fighting against colored and half-savage races, and that the training acquired in strategical manoeuvres at home is useless, because it is all based on that kind of one-sided fighting. Just at present we are somewhat disposed to listen respectfully to these alleged "Continental authorities." I say alleged, because, while not a military expert, I know something about the enterprise of news-furnishing bureaus, which, if unable to secure the opinions of expert military authorities, are always ready to produce excellent reading matter that sounds expert enough to be the opinions of a Von Moltke. The duty of the hour is to be calm. The citizen is neither wise nor well informed who goes around decrying the British generals as inferior to Joubert and Cronje. People in Toronto are saying many things just now that they will probably be anxious to forget before long—blaming the British generals for not winning in a walk-over against a well armed enemy strongly entrenched, waiting for weeks at all the salient points necessary to the British advance. Why should anyone suppose that the Boers, armed with all the engines of modern war, first on the spot and with weeks in which to entrench themselves securely in positions commanding the fords of the rivers where the British must pass, could be lightly swept aside? It is perhaps not the British generals so much as the British public who are misled by the easy successes of little wars against half-armed blacks, great in numbers and courage but weak in effectiveness. We expect too much, and we expect it too quickly and too cheaply. We expect to read of a victory every morning at breakfast. So far, after several battles that we profess to consider important, the British casualties number 6,000. In one battle of the Franco-Prussian war the French lost 19,000 men and the Germans 22,000. Since then the engines of war have become vastly more destructive, and we should, therefore, not be too warlike in times of peace unless we are prepared, in time of war, for much greater reverses and much more serious losses than any we have yet met with in the preliminary encounters with the Boers so far reported. The real battles are yet to be fought. SATURDAY NIGHT used its influence to dissuade the Canadian people from thrusting themselves, perhaps unnecessarily, into this war in Africa. The Government hesitated, but the people of Canada were not to be denied, and when the Imperial authorities requested troops there was nothing to do but supply them. We could do no less; in response to a request we could not fail to do much more. But having gone into the war we should keep cool, for discouraging as some of the news is, we may expect any day to get news that will strike us a deeper blow than any yet received. The news that many of our own boys are among the killed and wounded may come any day; this is what we bargained for and must accept.

When the volunteers were leaving Toronto, I pointed out in these columns that if Canada intended to share in Britain's wars abroad, she should maintain and prepare soldiers for that service, not call young men from counting-houses and studies to share the hardships of a severe campaign alongside the hardened regulars of the British service. Among those who went out as privates with the Canadian Contingent were many captains and lieutenants of our volunteer corps; a great many of them were graduates of our universities; a few were sons of rich men accustomed to luxuries; very many were office hands of the better class. The next we heard of these men, they were scrubbing the decks of the Sardinian, and performing those other distasteful tasks that fall to the lot of the private soldier on a troopship. Once the boat got clear of Quebec, military discipline required that the social line between officer and man should be abruptly drawn and severely observed. The next we heard of our men they were digging trenches and ballasting

the railroad at De Aar. Unfamiliar as they are with pick and shovel, no doubt they did it well. Yet they are bound to say among themselves, as we who remain at home should say, that if Canada is going to send private soldiers to the foreign wars we should not depend upon a loud hurrah which will cause graduates of universities to enlist and captains to go as privates, but that we shall have available a regiment of men who have deliberately entered the army to enjoy its advantages in time of peace and to face its hazards in war.

The privates of the Canadian Contingent are of too good material for the uses to which privates are, and can be, put. Too much money and care have been spent on their education. Too much money has been spent on their food and clothing in childhood and boyhood if this is to be their sphere. There are privates carrying rifles and wielding shovels in the Canadian Contingent on whose training for the arts of peace enough money and care have been spent to make them really formidable in modern war as artists, engineers or strategists, had they been trained for war.

War devours a percentage of those who go forth to meet it. There cannot be war without casualties, and the purpose in sending men to war is to put in the field a force that will vanquish the force opposed to it. It may argue well for Canada that its educated sons are willing to turn aside from the careers for which they are in training, in order to fight as private soldiers of Britain; but the Dominion, if she is to assist at all in the foreign wars of the Empire, might as well do something as intelligent and as effective as possible. If our young men are to shoot and be shot at, we should set some of them apart to learn the fighting trade. If it costs the Province of Ontario one thousand dollars of public money to educate a man to the point where he can practice law or medicine, that man is not the one to put in the ranks. If we spend a thousand dollars of public money in educating the man who goes abroad to fight, let us spend it on teaching him drill, gun-practice, and the whole trade of killing enemies and preserving his own life.

The New Rector of St. James's.

SPeAKING of the retirement of Provost Welch to accept the rectorship of St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, the *Trinity University Review* says: "On December 3rd, Dr. Welch announced that, 'after much hesitation and acting on the



FIELD MARSHALL LORD ROBERTS.

Who leaves England to-day to take command of the British Forces in South Africa.

advice of the Bishops and other members of the Corporation, he had decided to accept the rectorship of St. James' Cathedral. It is only because we feel that it is in the interests of the Church in general and of St. James' in particular, that we can view this decision with anything but the strongest disapproval. During his short term of office, the Provost has won the respect and esteem of everyone from "don" to freshman and we can hardly yet realize what a loss his resignation will be to us. Dr. Welch, before coming here, was rector of St. Bede's church, Gateshead, in the Diocese of Durham, England. In October, 1895, he was installed here as Vice-Chancellor of the University and Provost of Trinity College, and at the same time the degree of D.C.L. (*honoris causa*) was conferred on him. Since that time the Provost has often shown that nothing is nearer to his heart than the interests of Trinity, and we feel sure that, though he has been called to another sphere of duty, he will not soon forget our beloved Alma Mater."

The Muse of History.

IF anyone wishes both amusement and instruction—which twofold blessings do not always amble in company—he cannot do better than read the admirable paragraph in which the publishers of Governor Roosevelt's *Life of Oliver Cromwell* announce its advent to the world. It is a short paragraph, but fraught with really attractive problems for the inquisitive mind.

"Governor Roosevelt"—so it begins—"has written a monograph on Cromwell, a character in whom, as might be expected, he has long been interested." Why might this be expected, we wonder? Why should Governor Roosevelt be more interested in Cromwell than in Job, or Henry the Eighth, or John Wesley? And why should the public be supposed to discern intuitively his historical preferences? For all we know, Cicero or Peter the Great may have been the objects of his lifelong homage. "It is to be observed," continues the announcement, "that this will not be the history of a mere student, compiled with much research, but with little experience of affairs." What experience Governor Roosevelt has had in Cromwell's affairs, or in any affairs which remotely resembled Cromwell's, is not apparent; but no one can fail to be pleased with such fine and abundant contempt for the "mere student"—worm that he is! It reminds us agreeably of Professor Seeley's

magnificent denunciation of "mere literature." However, to continue, "This monograph will be a fresh presentation of Cromwell, the man, the fighter and the statesman, as seen by one to whom personal experience has brought a new and more thorough understanding of this strenuous character. It will show a man of action in history, as viewed by a younger man of action to-day."

Could we but know how Governor Roosevelt's "personal experience" in wrestling with Tammany, educating policemen, and skirmishing in Cuba, had brought him a "new understanding" of Cromwell's character, we should be content to despise the tolerably clear picture drawn by that "mere student," Carlyle, of the great Puritan, who held the fate of England in his blood-stained hands. As man, fighter, and statesman, this sombre figure has been familiar to us for years, notwithstanding the peaceful, and perhaps even studious, nature of our lives. We may not all admire him as we should—his qualities were not of an engaging order—but we do not place him and Governor Roosevelt side by side as "men of action." A correct knowledge of historical perspective forbids the grouping.—*Agnes Repplier in Life.*

Why Officers Expose Themselves.

THE *Broad Arrow*, the official paper of the British army service, replies to the civilian critics who condemn the officers who expose themselves and lead charges against the enemy, instead of employing caution and duplicity in advancing. The *Broad Arrow* says: "One has to imagine every bit of cover and their men imitating them to realize the time wasted, and the consequent increased casualties resulting from a prolonged advance. To get through the fire zone and come to close quarters as quickly as possible is, notwithstanding the expenditure of lives, so evidently less costly than hanging about that it is wonderful it has not struck the civilian mind with irresistible force. Deploable as all loss of life is, the sacrifice of the officers who fell, and those who will still fall until all fighting is over, saves the lives of five times that number of the rank and file, besides insuring victory so long as one survives. It is nothing new, and it is to be hoped that it never will be new enough to provoke special comment from those who really know how war is waged. The rest of

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the way from Vancouver, was sometimes first favorite. In the midst of the fun—when supper was about to be served—came the news of General Buller's reverse, and every red-coat was as glum as possible. Quite a number of those who had friends in Africa left rather early, the reminder of their anxieties being incompatible with the jollity of a dance. Captain Albert Gooderham and Captain S. A. Heward, Hon. Secretary, were busy men, and as usual did their part nobly. That most charming and graceful woman, Mrs. Albert Gooderham, is in mourning, and her absence was much regretted. A feature of this dance was the music, a veritable star aggregation taking the place of the usual orchestra. Three bandmasters were in it, Mr. Slater doing great execution on a big trombone, Mr. Waldron also fingering cunningly, and Mr. Bayley, with the baton, conducting in fine style. I have no: often heard as good two-steps, though the waltzes were in pretty warm time and collars wilted. As the orchestra was gotten together in a few hours anyone would have made allowances had the music not been good; but, as a matter of fact, it was excellent. William served a very nice supper and the tables were prettily set, the round table for the officers and lady friends being particularly well done in crimson and white. Round this table were the red-coats and their ladies fair. A particularly smart and lovely visitor was the guest of Mrs. Alfred Cameron, in white satin with pink roses. Miss Bell of Ottawa wore a white satin and chiffon gown with pearls, in which she was a picture. Among the *debutantes* were Miss VanderSmisen, in white silk; Miss Cooke, in white silver and silver embroidery; Miss E. McArthur, in white *mousseline* and lace; Miss Burn of Ottawa, in primrose with bouquet of violets; Miss Spragge, in a becoming and dainty gown; Miss Falconbridge, in shell pink; Miss Young, in white; Miss Massey, a lovely *debutante*, in white silk; Miss Eva Delamere, in a pretty white frock; Miss Florence Vivian, in white silk and lace. Other girls with the *savoir faire* of more than one season were Miss Violet Gooderham, a stunning Gibson girl, in rich blue satin; Miss Aileen Gooderham, in a very Frenchy and sweetly pretty figured rose and white silk overdress, striped with black, and pleated white underdress over rose silk; Miss Mabel Lee wore a pink silk; Miss Blanche Wellington wore yellow; Miss Laing wore navy and white figured foulard, with pointed overdress. Among the young matrons Mrs. Morang was easily first in an elegant gown of pink satin, veiled in black net, embroidered with silver paillettes, and the brides of the year were led by Mrs. George Caruthers, in white satin and lace bertha; Mrs. Irish, in yellow, with a very quaint overdress sheathing her slight *petite* form, and Mrs. Jack Brodie, in white satin and lace. Mrs. Victor Armstrong wore a very smart buttercup brocade, and was a much sought after partner; Mrs. Alfred Cameron wore pale blue satin, with white lace overdress. A pretty little *debutante* was Miss Nairn of Jarvis street in a white frock, who came with her elder sister, the latter well gowned in blue. Miss Gyp Armstrong wore a wonderful dress of pearl, embroidered lace over blue, glistening and clinging to the slim wearer. Miss Seymour and Miss Jarvis were lovely in black gowns, so was Mrs. Tolmie Craig, in a stylish white and black silk relieved with touches of orange. Madame Rochereau de la Sabliere wore pale blue and black, very prettily designed and made. Mrs. Cleve Hall's sweet face was welcomed as in her girlish days. Mrs. Alfred Wright wore white satin and cerise, and her bright little sister, Miss Nicoll, wore pale blue. Miss Tolmette Plumb was a dainty and charming little lady in white and pink silk, very prettily trimmed. Miss Beatrice Miles wore a dove gray gown with fringe trimmings and white lace bertha. Miss Mary Myles of Russell street was a bright and popular *debutante*. Miss Rosamond Boulbree wore a blue and white gown. Miss Annie Michie was in pink, and looked very well. A graceful dancer was Miss Flaws of Rose avenue, in white ruffled with black over rose silk. Miss Carrie Fuller was very pretty in pink satin. Miss Foster, a very smartly gowned girl, wore cerise lightly trimmed with black. Miss Matthews was becomingly gowned in white. Miss Sylvester was extremely dainty in a cerise and black frock, with *guimpe* of black lace and cerise dog-collar of velvet. Miss Jessie Montgomery wore white with huge pink French roses in her pretty dark hair. Miss Montizambert, Miss Kingsmill and Miss Bessie Bethune were all very becomingly gowned. Miss Elsie Hellwell wore a black gown, so did Miss Ethel Palin, who looked splendid after her visit to the Old Country. Miss Wilkes of Thistledeale was in pale blue. Mrs. W. Mulock wore pink brocade. Miss Florrie Patterson, who came with her mother, a welcome visitor, was in a smartly made black gown. Miss Heaven wore pale yellow with black lace. Mrs. Harman brought Miss Harman, both mother and daughter well gowned in black. Miss Harman's frock being lightened with pale blue velvet. Miss Mollie Plummer was very handsome in a black gown with red roses. Mrs. Bruce and her gallant Colonel and the popular Colonel of the Q. O. R. and his lady were to be seen among the chaperones with Mrs. Spragge, Mrs. VanderSmisen, Mrs. Fred Lee, Mrs. E. S. Cox, Mrs. Gooderham of Waverley and Mrs. Vivian. It will be seen that there was no shortage in the attendance at the dance, even though three other affairs were on the *tapis*. A few of the men were: Commodore and Mr. Tom Plummer, Major Tassie, Dr. King, Mr. Armstrong, Dr. Boyd Magee, Mr. E. S. Cox, Mr. Wm. Cooke, Mr. Marriott, Dr. Temple McMurich, Mr. Charlie Lee, Mr. Frank McLean, Captain Wyatt, Captain Boyd, Mr. Sloane, Mr. Wilkes, Captain Leane, Mr. D. Harman, Captain J. T. Craig, Mr. Morang, Mr. George Seaver, Dr. Pyne, Mr. Laing, Mr. George Caruthers, Dr. Gibson, Dr. Vivian, Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Charlie McDonald, Dr. Geary, Mr. Mulock, Mr. Brodie.

On Saturday afternoon at half-past two o'clock Mrs. Ida Hetherington, (*nee* Fitch of Atherley), and Captain George Brooke were quietly married in All Saints' church, Rev. Arthur Baldwin officiating. The bride wore white brocade and lace, and white hat with feathers. Only a family party witnessed the ceremony. Miss Irene Somerville of Atherley and Miss Gwen Cockburn-Clemow of Ottawa, nieces of the bride, attended her, very simply and daintily gowned in white organdie and

The engagement of Captain Armstrong and Miss Massey is announced.



Young Peter (who has at last achieved a watch, accosting a gentleman in the street)—Don't you want to know what time it is.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

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Better Than Cod Liver Oil

While cod liver oil is good, it positively disagrees with most people, the bad effect on the stomach often far outweighing any good it may possess as a nutrient, for which it is given. On the other hand Angier's Petroleum Emulsion is pleasant to take, agrees with the most sensitive stomach, and aids digestion instead of disturbing it. At the same time it has curative qualities which cod liver oil does not possess and which particularly adapt it to the treatment of all throat and lung troubles. Here's a specimen of the letters we're receiving right along:

Recommended by Physicians.

About one year and a half ago I was taken with a severe cough, without any apparent cause, and was sorely afflicted. In January I began to grow very weak, and from that time up to seven weeks ago my ailments multiplied; and it seemed to me, and to nearly everybody in the community, that I had but a few more weeks, or at most, months, to live. In January I wrote and described my condition to a friend, a physician, of Boston, and he advised me by all means to get a bottle of Angier's Petroleum Emulsion.

I had already taken much sickening medicine; and, thinking your Emulsion was like cod liver oil, I felt that I could not take it. But my friend urged me in every letter to get it, assuring me that it was pleasant to take. In the meantime I was taking bottle after bottle of the popular remedies but grew worse under each in turn.

Two months ago I believed I was fast nearing the end; and at that time, receiving another letter from my friend, urging me more than ever to get your Emulsion, I thought I would try it.

On the day that I began to take it I had one of the most distressing coughs imaginable. I had short breath, and sometimes had to open my mouth very wide in order to breathe at all. I had been growing weaker and weaker for eight months, and at times I seemed to have no more strength than a little child; and, in connection with this, there was a continual sensation of puffing in my ears, something like that of a steam engine. I had no appetite, and sometimes for days I could not eat as much as I can now at one meal; and, lastly, my legs below the knees had swollen to two or three times their natural size. I seemed to have no energy or ambition left, and felt that I would about as soon die as live.

By the time that I had taken one bottle of your Petroleum Emulsion I felt like a well man, and have been able to work on my farm all day ever since. I have up to this taken less than two and a half bottles. My health is pretty well restored, and I am almost cured of my cough, and am troubled rarely with shortness of breath. The swelling has almost disappeared from my legs, and the trembling weakness that accompanied the swelling has given way to a return of my full strength. My cure seems to be complete, and is as wonderful to this community as it is pleasant to me. The first week I took four teaspoonfuls per day; since then I have taken only three per day. I mix a teaspoonful of the Emulsion in a wineglass half full of milk, and it makes as pleasant a drink as I ever tasted.

I will state that I did not have early manhood on my side to help throw off the disease; for I am fifty-nine years old.

WM. HOWES, St. Margaret's, Md.

ANGIER'S PETROLEUM EMULSION quickly relieves the most obstinate cough, while at the same time it promotes appetite, aids digestion, and greatly improves the general health. It is equally good for the cough of Chronic Bronchitis, with profuse expectoration; the dry, harsh throat cough; the irritating cough of Influenza; and for whooping cough and croupy coughs of children. To those who are subject to bronchial attacks it is especially helpful. The cough and breathing are made easier almost at once, the irritation in throat and bronchial tubes is soothed, the character of the expectoration is altered, and a general improvement effected in all the symptoms. We have hundreds of letters from all over attesting its remarkable power to relieve and cure troublesome coughs.

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Social and Personal.

THE marriage of Mr. John Strachan Johnston and Miss May Murray Walker, youngest daughter of Mr. David Walker, took place on Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock at 374 Victoria street, the residence of the bride's father. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Armstrong Black, and Miss Margaret Huston sang two beautiful solos. The ceremony took place in the drawing room, where palms, ferns and flowers were arranged to form a sanctuary before which the service was performed. Miss Walker's bridal gown was of white satin, with guimpe and sleeves of lace, and was draped with lace applique. She wore a tulle veil fastened by a wreath of orange blossoms, and carried a round bouquet of lily-of-the-valley set in a holder of lace. An interesting ornament to the bridal robe was a pearl and diamond brooch, the gift of the bride's sisters. Miss Jessie Rowand was maid of honor, wearing a white satin gown, paillette with silver, and lace guimpe and sleeves, a lace veil with tulle and silver papillon, and carrying a bouquet of pink roses. Miss Marie Owens of Chicago was bridesmaid, looking very smart in a pink cloth gown with lace front under a Bolero jacket, with white tulle turban and muff, and bouquets of pink roses, following the color note of the bridal party, which color was accentuated in the attire of two little maids, nieces of the bride, Miss Phyllis Moffatt and Miss Marion Gibson, whose frocks, Greenaway bonnets and muffs were all pink. Mr. Frank Johnston, brother of the groom, was best man, and the ushers were Mr. W. H. Bunting, Mr. H. Johnston, Mr. W. Ferguson, Mr. Percy Manning and Mr. Frank Drake. The bride and groom received the hearty congratulations of the friends invited to witness the marriage, and the wedding breakfast was set at small tables in the various rooms. Rev. Armstrong Black proposed the health of the bride. Mrs. Johnston went away in a black broadcloth gown, worn with bear bow and muff, and violet velvet toque with mink trimming.

Miss Jessie Denison was the hostess of the Euchre Club on Wednesday evening, and a very pleasant game was followed by a dance, which all enjoyed very much.

The opening of the Western Hospital was such a popular event that several late comers did not try for an entrance to the building at all, but were obliged to turn homeward or to some other engagement. The old McDonnell homestead in Bathurst street, with its spacious surroundings of trees and lawns, has been transformed into a very fine and up-to-date hospital over whose fortunes a large and influential patronage will watch. Two stunningly gowned and gracious patronesses who received the guests were Mrs. Price Brown and Mrs. Timothy Eaton. Mrs. Thomas Crawford, Mrs. George Campbell, Mrs. Carver and Mrs. Jennings were also on the reception committee. The decorations were patriotic and very effective, and the concert programme and speeches above the average interest. A tremendous lot of smart people turned out to the opening and took great interest in the presentation of diplomas to the nurses of the graduating class, as well as said many nice things about the admirable and well equipped institution in which their time of training is passed. The Western Hospital deserves well of the liberal public.

The toast of "Our Guests" should be often heard in Toronto this week, for rarely have so many friends been entertained by the residents. Among the dinners, teas and luncheons given in their honor were, a Hunt Club dinner for Mrs. Bob Fleming by Mr. and Mrs. Magann; a tea for Mrs. Yates of Montreal, who with Dr. Yates is on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Bunting; half a dozen theater parties with suppers to follow; a pretty dinner for twelve at a downtown restaurant, and a number of small informal affairs. On Sunday afternoon at least a dozen well known hostesses had the pleasure of introducing a charming guest to the faithful five o'clockers, and again at supper time to invited or chance visitors. Mrs. McPhedran asked some friends one afternoon to meet the Ottawa beauty, Miss Marguerite Bell, who has gone home for Christmas.

The marriage of Mr. Angus MacMurchy and Miss Helen Craik of Port Hope takes place at the residence of the bride's parents next Wednesday, December 27.

On Thursday afternoon, December 14, the marriage of Mr. Albert Blakelock of London, England, and Miss May Louise Alexander of Lindsay, niece of Dr. Martin of Carlton street, took place in St. Peter's church. The bride wore white poplin, with Irish point lace with guimpe and sleeves of net, paillette in silver, and a veil of Irish point lace, and carried bride roses. Miss Maud Alexander, Miss Dora Pack and Miss Bessie Williams were her attendants, in blue silk, over petticoats of flounced mousseline, black velvet hats, and carried pink roses. Mr. Robert Pack was best man, and the ushers were Mr. Wharton and Mr. Evans of Montreal. Dr. and Mrs. Norman Allen, the bride's cousins, gave the reception, their home being a bower of Christmas decorations, and bright with the presence of a happy circle of relatives and friends, who wished the bride and groom every good thing, and afterwards discussed dainty refreshments. Mr. and Mrs. Blakelock left immediately for the home of the groom in England. Many very handsome presents will serve to remind the bride of her Canadian friends. Her gift from the groom was a pendant of diamonds; to the three maids he gave pearl and turquoise hearts.

Mrs. B. Gordon McLean (nee Andison) held her post-nuptial reception at her residence, 383 Markham street, on Tuesday afternoon and evening. The bride received in her wedding gown of white satin duchesse with guimpe of shirred chiffon,

and was assisted by her sister and bridesmaid, Miss Nene Andison of Woodstock. Miss Lillian Burns, Miss Cranston of Galt, Miss Bessie Young and Miss Ryrie were in the tea room, where the buffet was very prettily done in pink carnations with holly and Christmas green for the festive season so near at hand. Over a hundred visitors called to welcome Mrs. McLean to Toronto.

Miss Elsie Tilley of Ottawa is visiting her sister, Mrs. F. H. Mason, 35 Pembroke street. Quite a number of Ottawa people are seen here from time to time, a fair exchange for the visitors we send down east.

The Chatham Literary Club will hold an At Home in St. George's Hall on Wednesday, December 27. Patronesses are Mrs. (Dr.) Adams, Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Manley and Mrs. McIntosh.

Mr. and Mrs. Northey have returned from their honeymoon and are stopping at the Rossin, where many friends will be glad to wish them the season's greetings. Mrs. Northey, as Miss Adelaide Wadsworth, was one of the most popular and charming girls in Toronto.

Mrs. Arthur W. Ross has decided to go to the Pacific Coast instead of coming east this month. She is much enjoying her pioneer life at Columbia, and repeating the interesting and patriotic experiences she and her husband have already had more than once in the genesis of a new city.

Mrs. Parkin will not receive on her usual day, Thursday, during the vacation at Upper Canada College.

Mrs. B. B. Hughes is recovering from her long and serious illness, and to many enquirers it is good news that she hopes to be quite well in a few weeks.

A charming and cosy tea was given by Miss Daisy Boulton on Wednesday in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Beall of New York. The guests of Mrs. Clarkson Jones.

There will be full choral matins and holy communion at the Church of the Holy Trinity on Christmas morning at eleven o'clock, at which the following special music will be rendered: Processional hymn, While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night; traditional Venite; proper psalm; Te Deum; Anglican chants; Benedictus; service in D (Woodward); hymn, Hark! the Herald Angels Sing (Mendelssohn); Kyrie (Thompson); offertory anthem, For Unto Us a Child is Born (Messiah, Handel); Sanctus (Stainer); Gloria in Excelsis (Zuener); Pater Noster (Field); recessional hymn, O Come All Ye Faithful; reading. The choir will be assisted by a small orchestra.

A pleasant social event took place on Wednesday evening last at Grimsby. It was an At Home given by the Ladies' Golf Club at the opening of the new gymnasium of Mr. Drope's school for boys. The large airy room was tastefully decorated for the occasion with evergreens, flags and bunting. Nearly one hundred guests were present from Grimsby, Hamilton and surrounding towns. Weaver's orchestra supplied the music for dancing, which was prolonged to the wee sma' hours! A pleasant feature of the evening was the presentation of a lady's driver by Mr. Drope to Miss Nina Wolverson, the winner of the championship of the club.

Mr. Joseph E. Atkinson, late of the Montreal Herald, is appointed managing editor of the Star of this city, a position that will enable him to renew acquaintance with many friends here, where he graduated from the Globe. Mr. Atkinson is stopping at the Rossin until his wife and family remove from Montreal. Mrs. Atkinson is also well known as a clever writer over the pen-name of Madge Merton.

The fifth annual charity ball in aid of the Toronto Hebrew Benevolent Societies will be held in the Assembly hall of the Temple building next Wednesday evening, December 27, at 9 o'clock, and friends of the Jewish community take much interest in its success.

Miss Tottie Nicholl has returned home to Cookstown for Christmas. Mrs. Rogers (nee McTavish) of Winnipeg, after a pleasant stay in Toronto, returned home a few days since.

Mrs. Leonard Barnes, Miss Marie Owens of Chicago, and Mrs. Woodward of New York were guests in town to attend the Johnston Walker nuptials.

St. Margaret's College was crowded with guests for Mrs. Dickson's At Home on Friday evening of last week. The lady principal, in a most artistic and picturesque gown, received with all the winning cordiality which is one of her many charming "ways," and everyone enjoyed the affair. "The growth of St. Margaret's is a wonder" remarked a lady visitor, but it is not wonderful to those who know the capability and the devotion of Mrs. Dickson and her unerring judgment in choosing her assisting forces. She deserves all her success.

The "Nice Kids," those dear wee people of the N. K. (Normal Kindergarten) held their Christmas closing yesterday morning with great success.

Our Front Page Illustration.

The drawing on the front page of this week's issue was specially made for SATURDAY NIGHT by Mr. John Innes, the artist, who has just returned from a sketching tour in the Canadian Northwest, and particularly in the ranching country around Calgary. In this picture, Caught in the Storm, the artist has so well conveyed the feeling of the scene—swirling snow and biting wind—that to look at it steadily for a moment almost causes one to shiver in sympathy with the man in the foreground. Mr. Innes made sketches for several paintings while in the West, and will contribute a couple more excellent drawings to SATURDAY NIGHT in the next few weeks.

Our Picture Flag

Canadian "C" Company (Toronto and Hamilton Companies) Contingent



THE great demand for the flag picture issued along with SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS NUMBER has made it necessary to print a second edition of the Flag—of the Number we could not—which sells at 10c. per copy.

This flag picture is in colors on fine coated paper, with three inch margin, suitable for framing, and contains 128 single portraits, including Col. Otter, Capt. Barker, Lieut. Marshall, the four lady nurses, the three war correspondents and 118 officers and men from Toronto and Hamilton, who are now fighting for the Empire in South Africa.

This flag picture is 10c. worth having and worth keeping, and in offering it at this low rate we aim to see that everyone gets a copy.

Canvassers are selling it at the rate of fifty in an hour. Every man who sees it will pay 10 cents for it.

Orders by mail promptly filled.
Special rate to Book Agents,
Newsboys and Canvassers.

After school on Thursday one schoolboy made a profit of \$2.50 taking orders for this flag picture.

Sheppard Publishing Co.
Limited
Saturday Night Building TORONTO



For Breakfast AND... For Dinner

EVEN a casual glance at our stock will suggest many seasonable gifts for the Breakfast Table. Toast Racks, Muffin Dishes, Bacon Dishes, Poached Egg Servers, Breakfast Cruets, etc. Then for the Dinner Table: Soup Tureens, Entree Dishes, Vegetable Dishes, Pepper Mills, Carving Sets and scores of other equally useful lines.

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Gold Spectacles AND... Gold Eyeglasses

WITH lenses carefully fitted by our Optician you have the perfection of eye comfort. If intended as a gift and secrecy is desired you can purchase the Spectacles now and our Optician will do the fitting, if necessary, after Christmas without any extra charge whatever.

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South Africa Diamonds

THERE is little doubt but Diamonds will make great advances in price next year because of War complications. There is certainly no time like the present for Diamond buying. Our year's stock was purchased last March long before war was anticipated, and our values to-day we do not expect to be able to duplicate for a long time to come.

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Toothpicks Penholders, Pencils Pencil Protectors

WE are showing some very dainty little novelties in the above lines. Solid Gold, Sterling Silver and Gun Metal. The Pencils are not mere show pieces, but are intended for use even more than ornament—Bankers' Pencils for instance, using three different colored leads for checking purposes.

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CHRISTMAS GIFTS

We have a number of beautiful lines of Ladies' Boots and Slippers, the latest thing and the best that can be had.

- LADIES' FANCY QUILTED SLIPPERS, white or pink satin, very choice..... \$2.00
- LADIES' FANCY EVENING SLIPPERS, in all the newest patterns, Kid and Patent Leather, from..... \$1.50 to \$3.00
- LADIES' LACE BOOTS, mannish styles, Kid and Box Calf, something new, prices..... \$3.50 and \$4.00
- LADIES' PATENT LEATHER BOOTS, Vesting or Kid Tops, extension or close edge, also the New Patent Kid, which is guaranteed not to crack, prices..... \$3.00 to \$5.00

Any of the above would make an appropriate and acceptable Christmas Gift, call and see them.

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(WALLACE'S OLD STAND)
110 YONGE STREET
2nd door north
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The traditions of Athelstan have fallen upon Atherley, which is, being interpreted, that Mrs. Somerville's tea on Saturday was, in spite of the spaciousness of her home and the gloom of the day, a veritable crush. Everyone was interested in seeing for themselves how much taste and generous expenditure would transform an always beautiful home, and their curiosity was amply and pleasantly gratified, if one might judge from the words of appreciation heard everywhere. The drawing-rooms are so daintily and brightly decorated, and the magnificent hall and stairway are both artistic and homelike. A decoration of the latter which outdid for a brief half-hour the fairest dream of architect or upholsterer, was observed when a party of beautiful girls betook themselves to the coign of vantage of the broad steps, and leaning over the balustrade, exchanged laughing greetings and smiles with the close-packed crowd surging through the wide portal of the dining-room, where a refreshment table was brilliant with floral decoration of Meteor roses and crimson-shaded candles in huge silver candelabra, and where Webb's men served every possible dainty. Mrs. Somerville, in a beautiful toilette of black lace and sparkling jet, received in the small drawing-room, and was the first of a radiant line of hostesses and hosts. Miss Irene Somerville, in her white bridesmaid's frock, and Mrs. Fred Somerville, in rose pink silk, with overlaid coin-spots of black and white and airy chiffon trimmings, were assisted by the master of the house and his sons, while further on a bridal party—Mr. and Mrs. George Brooke, Mr. and Mrs. Brooke, father and mother of the groom, and Mr. Van Ingen of Woodstock, a relative—were congratulated and wished all sorts of good things by their many friends. The young ladies who did their best to serve the merry six hundred in the course of the afternoon were Miss Leila Mackay, the Misses Mortimer Clark, Miss Gwendolyn Cockburn-Clemow of Ottawa, and Miss Muriel Steele of Hamilton. A very good orchestra played on the landing upstairs, and altogether the reception was a great success. Among the guests were: Dr. and Mrs. Parsons and Miss Parsons, Mrs. Arthurs, Mrs. Greene and Miss Arthurs, Mrs. W. R. Riddell and her clever niece Miss Cressen of Cobourg, Mrs. Mulock, Mrs. G. T. Denison, Colonel and Mrs. Clarence Denison, Mr. Walter Denison, Miss Michie of Westholme, Mrs. Harrison and Miss Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. McDowall Thomson, Mr. and Mrs. George, Mrs. Seymour, Mrs. Mullens, Captain and Mrs. Charles Nelles, Mr. and Mrs. Mackay of Dundonald, Mrs. G. S. Ryerson, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Burritt, Mrs. and the Misses Cattaneah, Mr. Ernest Cattaneah, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Mrs. Allen Aylesworth, Mrs. J. Ross Robertson, Mrs. and Miss Harman, Mrs. Murray Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Patterson, Mrs. Creelman, Miss Jennings, Colonel and Mrs. Bruce, Mr. Mortimer Clark, Mrs. and Miss Gyp Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Anglin, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Anglin, Mrs. and Miss Helen Armstrong, Mr. Melvin-Jones, Mrs. Robert Darling, Mr. W. Darling, Mrs. Russell, Messrs. Sydney Band, Cockburn, Geary, Mrs. and Miss Falconbridge, Dudemain, Mackay, Gilmore.

Mrs. G. Allen Arthurs has a series of tableaux in hand, illustrating that inimitable skit of Gibson's, "The Education of Mr. Pipp." Gibson girls are plenty round about here, most striking types being Miss Laing, Miss Gooderham of Waveney and Miss Plummer, all radiantly healthy-looking and divinely tall.

Mr. Hugo Ross returned from British Columbia on Tuesday. Mr. Don Ross is still in Camp McKinney.

Mr. and Mrs. Somerville of Atherley are spending the Christmas holidays in New York. Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Riddell are spending Christmas, as usual, in Cobourg, with Mrs. Riddell's relatives. Mrs. Riddell will not return until after the New Year.

The transformation craze has struck Euclid Hall, one of the fine residential places in north Jarvis street. All the autumn, carpenters, bricklayers and decorators have been remodelling and beautifying the fine old place, and it now gives some hint of the extent of their labors. Mrs. Treble has very fine taste and plenty of money, so there is no reason why the changes should not result in an ensemble of very much beauty.

The tragedy which resulted in the untimely death of Mrs. James E. Rogers, on Saturday night, sent a thrill of horror through the hearts of her friends, and it will be long before they forget the horrible occurrence. To say that Mrs. Rogers was beloved by everyone who knew her, is to state only the truth; her sweetness of disposition and charm of manner were unusual, and her bright, cordial friendship was a boon much prized. She was dainty in all her tastes, her very garb was the essence of elegant neatness, and her delicate health was another incentive to tenderness and consideration. The little family circle, Mrs. Rogers, her mother, Mrs. Bartlett, and her handsome and intelligent young son, Bartlett Rogers, was always happy, and each member devoted to the other. To those bereaved so pitilessly by such a trying fatality one can only offer a sympathy the most sincere.

A pretty group at the Grenadiers' dance were the bridesmaids of the Alexander-Blacklock wedding of the previous day, who wore their blue frocks and looked very nice.

A very pretty wedding took place at Surrey House, the handsome residence of Mr. James Benham, Eramosa, on Wednesday evening, December 6, at half-past six, when his youngest daughter, Emma, was married to Mr. W. Horton, by Rev. Dr. Hindley of Guelph. At the appointed hour the bride, in a gown of white

organdie over white silk, and carrying a bouquet of white roses, entered the drawing-room with her father to the strains of the Bridal March from Lohengrin, played by Miss Fanny Lee. The bridesmaid, Miss Beatrice Cummings, wore a becoming gown of white organdie over blue silk, and carried pink roses and carnations. The groomsmen were Mr. Charles Horton, brother of the groom. After the ceremony the guests repaired to the dining-room, where the wedding breakfast was served. The room presented a very pretty appearance, being a perfect bower of evergreens, the tables tastefully decorated with holly and chrysanthemums, and lighted with candles. The groom's present to the bride was a seal muff, and to the bridesmaid a fancy pin set with corals and diamonds. In the drawing-room was a beautiful display of presents, kind remembrances of the many friends of the bride.

Welcome Christmas visitors are Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Tait and little Miss Winnifred, who are visiting Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn.

Mrs. W. McC. Miller, with her little ones, Dorothy and Margaret, has gone to New York to spend Christmas with her parents, and will not return until after the New Year.

Little Miss Olive Walker gave a very lively dance last Saturday evening from half-past seven to eleven o'clock. The programmes were designed and painted by this clever little lady and much appreciated by her young friends.

Mr. James A. Messer was in town for a few days. He expects to reach his southern home in Washington in time for the Christmas festivities at the Capitol.

Knox College was en fête on Tuesday evening, and a very large and smart party gathered in its spacious corridors and reception rooms, between eight and nine o'clock, and were received by Mrs. J. K. Macdonald, Miss Caven, Mrs. McFayden and others. Miss Mowat, who was chief lady patroness, came in a very dainty pink gown veiled with fine white lace; Mr. Jim Emsley was aide, and Sheriff and Mrs. Mowat were also of the Government House party; Mrs. Mowat wore a black gown relieved with cerise; Mrs. J. K. Macdonald wore black satin brightened with sequin embroidery and a white satin vest; Mrs. George Dickson of St. Margaret's was handsomely gowned in Venetian red and white with white shirred chiffon bodice and touches of gold; Miss Alice Cummings was with Mr. and Mrs. Dickson. The decoration committee simply outdid themselves this year, and it is a yearly marvel to me how they can take the infinite thought and pains necessary to transform stern old Knox College just for one night's enjoyment to their fair friends. However, to the student, whose idea of fun is to walk miles arm in arm with a succession of beauties, nothing should be impossible. The dens of the men in residence were hospitably thrown open on Tuesday evening, and quaint and queer they are, not with the luxury and dainty prettiness of Trinity, but with a business-like touch of work in the fittings and a touch also of humor in some of the inscriptions and mottoes upon the walls. Nice girls sat and looked at photographs at a table, instead of cuddling among gorgeous cushions in a cosy corner, or toasting tiny toes before a grate fire; but their hosts were just as much delighted with them and just as proud to receive them as if the hangings of their dens had been of Utrecht velvet and their rugs from Turkistan. And indeed had one desired nice refreshments there were plenty of such in commons, where a long buffet was served during the evening, and where I saw many well known people taking a sandwich or an ice in great good humor. Mr. Mortimer Clark escorted Miss Mowat, and his two fair daughters, in pretty and simple evening frocks, were also present; Dr. and Mrs. Gilbert Gordon; Miss Mima Carruthers; the pretty songstress of the earlier evening, Mrs. Knox; Mr. and Mrs. Alec Fraser; Mrs. G. W. Ross; Miss Nellie Ross, in a charming black frock, touched with pale green and pale orange velvet; Mrs. Archie Campbell, from the Junction, and her slim young debutante, the second Miss Campbell; a host of charmingly fresh and pretty young creatures, mostly in white frocks, suggesting a debut for the fair wearers, and plenty of men and to spare—professors in hoods and graduates in gowns, and one who persistently wore his cap, which looked absent-minded of him and recalled Kipling's latest song. About twelve the last strains of the orchestra sent them all happily home.

The closing concert of the Presbyterian Ladies' College took place on Monday evening before a crowded audience in the assembly hall of the Church of the Redeemer. The programme included fourteen numbers and the students acquitted themselves admirably, their music and elocution being of an advanced order of merit. His Mithers' Sermon, a recitation by Miss Jean Crozier, was very much admired and applauded. The students taking part were: Misses Nasmith, MacEachern, Carlyle, Haywood, Flo MacDiarmid, Beattie, Radcliffe, Gibson, Crozier and Morin. A very fine duet for piano and violin, by Misses Lena Hayes and Bessie Bugar, A.T.C.M., was a notable number. After the concert Mrs. McIntyre, the lady principal, received a number of invited guests in the college drawing-rooms, and refreshments were nicely served, while the cordial and homelike atmosphere of this pleasant seat of learning was, as usual, most conducive to the pleasure of the guests. The concert platform was prettily decorated for the evening, and several prominent gentlemen gave addresses, among them Principal Caven, Rev. W. C. Wallace, Rev. Armstrong Black, Rev. Professor McFayden, Rev. J. A. Macdonald, and Hon. Richard Harcourt, Minister of Education. The social function which is annually looked forward

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to by the friends of the College, takes the form of an At Home, and is given in February. Mrs. McIntyre is always an admirable hostess, and on Monday evening looked particularly well in a gown of black Duchesse satin with mauve front and jet trimmings.

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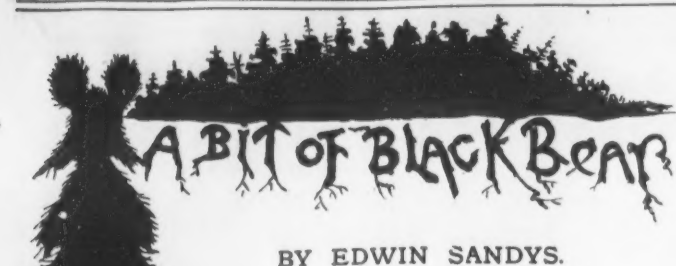
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BY EDWIN SANDYS.

TAKEN altogether it was a rather funny experience—one of those jolly farces which raise the biggest kind of a laugh and which do men good (after the thing is over).

I had gone to Michigan woods in quest of change, not currency, you understand, for there wasn't a spare dollar in the wretched, charcoal-burning settlement which formed my temporary home. But there was game in plenty; black bear, deer, ruffed grouse, and above all, pigeons! These latter absolutely swarmed.

A few miles from my rude headquarters was a resting place—a "rookery," the natives called it, and the netting of the then plentiful, but now rare "long tails," was a very profitable occupation for a certain set of wiry old smoke-tanned natives who knew the passenger pigeon and his habits as well as they did the meaning of an invitation to "step up to the bar and hev sumthin'."

These men greatly interested me. They knew the ways of bird and beast; their practical knowledge was the result of long experience, and they were better than books. I naturally fraternized with them, and from our rather pleasant intercourse I learned many things which have been mighty useful during later experiences.

These men made friends slowly, but they made them for keeps. For some time they rather ignored me, but at last



one of the clan accidentally discovered that I could make a net. From that moment my popularity was assured, for a man who could make or mend a net was a good man to know. Pigeon netters fully appreciated a man who could whittle out a hickory "needle" and a "mash," as they styled it, and swiftly repair damages. When I learned the trick from the lake fishermen, I never expected to put it to practical use, but circumstances alter cases, and so my netting proved valuable in the end.

The most accomplished hunter of the country, and, incidentally, the king of the pigeon-trappers, was a man named Lewis—peace be to his ashes!

One day he came into the general resort, the sole tavern of the miserable village, and he told a tale of woe. Pigeons were unusually plentiful; everybody in the business was making good catches; "It was a gold-durned shame for a man to miss the cream of it, but his net was busted!"

He had the best of "stool-birds" and the best "had" in the neighborhood, but his net had been badly used by his sons, and, temporarily at least, he was knocked out. He would give almost anything to whoever could properly repair damages, and so save him the delay of sending the net away to an expert.

Upon learning of his trouble I volunteered to help him out, but Lewis was sceptical. In his opinion I was one of those town "fellers" who didn't know anything, but necessity knows no law, so after some figuring he gave a half-hearted consent that I should try what I could do. A little practical demonstration speedily converted him, and after the net had been properly mended and duly handed over, Lewis became my sworn friend—all the more readily because there was no charge for my services.

In this way I became "solid" with one of the best big game hunters then in the Michigan woods, and it was entirely owing to the mending of the net that a sort of a net result, an experience with a bear, came off.

The pigeon season had passed, the successful trappers had sold their birds and were gradually getting rid of the cash proceeds over the bar or the card-table. Lewis was the only careful one, but even he had a faculty for exchanging money for grain-vintages of doubtful age. His log-house lay some distance from the village, yet the tough old boy managed to show up about six evenings per week. There were yarns afloat as to where he sometimes slept on his homeward route, but they have nothing to do with bear beyond the part the bare earth may have played.

One afternoon, toward the latter end of what represented Indian Summer in that locality, to me came Lewis, and he was in a great state of excitement. It seemed he had a lot of young pigs which he had penned for fattening after their course of "mast" in the woods, and a bear had discovered the pig-pen and had carried off a short two nights previous to Lewis's visit to me.

The loss of the shoot made the old man mad clear through, and he had sworn to get even with the black marauder, hence his call upon me. I had a very fine muzzle-loading gun which would throw buck-shot famously, and Lewis had figured that such a weapon should be greatly superior to his rifle for night-work. My dearly-loved breach-loader (a rare good one) was, on account of the choke, unreliable for buckshot, so the upshot of the matter was that I agreed to go along with Lewis, to take the muzzle-loader—and to lay for the bear.

While we were planning the campaign a villager came in, and after hearing our conversation he said he would pilot me out and take a hand in the mischief that was Bruin. This man was a pot-hunter who shot grouse for the market, and he did his questionable work with an old musket which had a barrel longer than a twelve-month note, and about as uncertain. He had a playful habit of measuring the dose for the musket in his hand from a couple of bottles. He used newspaper for wadding, and when the emetic took effect and the old gun coughed up her burden the nearby trees rocked and the county paper covered territory which it had never before reached.

Well, we agreed to be at Lewis's place before dark, and early in the afternoon we hit the trail through the woods. After a stiff tramp we reached the small clearing which Lewis was wont to dignify by the name of "his place."

Ye Gods! such a place. The old man had nibbled it out of the forest primeval and it looked as though he had quit his job about a year too soon. The crazy boundary fences formed an acute-angled triangle upon a ridge, the base of the triangle following the trail, while the apex extended to where the ridge narrowed and was finally lost in an ugly cedar swamp. Upon either side stood the unbroken forest, gloomy and forbidding. At the center of the base-line was Lewis's humble log-shanty, while near the apex and upon the highest knoll, was the pigeon, built, sides and roof, of the heaviest logs Lewis had been able to handle. Fully three-fourths of the triangular lot bristled with the remains of half-charred stumps, of all shapes and sizes. Taken altogether it was a mighty tough-looking spot.

After being introduced to "Ma'am," (for a wonder there were neither dogs nor children!) we had some rough fare, and then adjourned to the front yard in order to give Ma'am a chance to wash dishes and retire in peace. Carefully-loaded weapons were all ready, and we sat upon convenient sections of logs and conversed in low tones while waiting for the moon to climb above the black forest-line.

The plan of action decided upon was as follows: At the first sound from the pigeon, Lewis was to steal along one side of the fence while I followed the other until we had reached positions abreast of the pigeon. Our friend of the musket meanwhile was to skirmish down the center of the lot as far as he dared and turn loose if he got a good chance.

He did! At last the moon crept above the trees and we could distinguish nearby stumps fairly well. Soon after we heard noises from the direction of the pen—vague grunts and half-suppressed squealings, and a scratching as of claws upon logs.

"Thar he be," whispered Lewis, and we stole away, leaving our friend to cover his own ground.

I reached my fence all right and snatched forward panel by panel—for I had no desire to beat Lewis to the pen!

After sneaking along for what felt like about one mile, I suddenly froze in my tracks. What was it—claws that I heard scraping at logs? Why, it might be the bear! Gad! it was the bear, and he surely was trying to break into the pen!

And there was another noise—a thunderous thumping and hammering. Surely the bear didn't have an axe or a maul! Finally, I traced this sound to my own neck, and I clenched my teeth, for I knew the thumping was my own heart.



and that if I ever opened my mouth that heart would get away and never come back.

"Where was Lewis all this time, and what was I trying to do anyway? The infernal hogs belonged to him, and what business of mine was it if bears took 'em! Maybe this bear would take a notion to escape in my direction—if so, what?"

I guessed what, and I had sneaked back two panels before I could get the brakes on.

"Woof!" sounded from the pen, and I lost my cap. "Woof woof!" and I felt like a trembling aspen with extra-long roots, for move I could not. Had a dead leaf ticked downward through the solemn silence—had a dry stick broken, for a surety the world would have welcomed a new sprinting star and the hundred-yard record would have crumbled into dust!

But, strange to say, these things did not come off, though for a minute they looked like "good things." A fresh disturbance in the vicinity of the pen steadied me, for it proved that the bear was yet away over yonder. And strangest of all, at the sounds my blue funk vanished and in its stead arose a hot, mad desire to slay that bear—to be the first to reach the pen!

I stole forward panel by panel, until I could make out the black bulk of the pigeon, and could plainly hear its inmates snorting and scuffling about in their deadly fear. And rising above the roof of the

pen was an indistinct black form which moved!

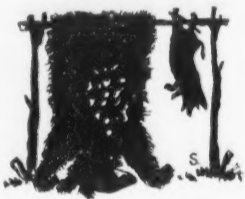
To slam up the gun, sight it by instinct, and to pull both triggers was the work of three seconds. To slam down the gun upon the ground, to whirl and break away took no time at all, for a snarling roar told me that the bear did not require my company.

Over the heavy ground I pounded, tolling madly to put acres between me and the rearward possibilities. Every crashing twig was the click of savage teeth—every burnt, black stump was BEAR (!) and the breeze humming in my ears was the eager panting of something only one jump behind!

When three-fourths up the field I heard a crack, a streak of fire darted from Lewis's fence, and something small and hurried buzzed near the back of my neck. It scared me so that two jumps further I tripped and fell. As I went down thunder and lightning broke loose ahead, and a perfect hurricane of stuff blizzed over me!

Then I knew that the batteries were temporarily silenced, and I thanked the Lord that some folks did not have breach-loaders!

Up and onward again—it must be close



on me now! A final gasping spurt, and I swung around the corner of the house, grabbing the end of a log and leaning in to quicken the action.

A howl of terror greeted my appearance, and a figure made a dive at the closed door. The figure spake too! It volleyed things totally unfit for publication, and it appeared to want to get into that log-house, and to get in at once! Some unseen force seemed to oppose its entrance.

Now, the door of the shanty had a heavy frame, and this frame was wedged into the opening in the logs, all chinks being filled with clay and moss. The struggling figure made a last desperate attack, and lo! in went door, frame and all, with a mighty crash!

Talk about rows! I didn't care if a thousand bears got me—I sat on a butt-log to laugh. Somebody had been braced against the door on the inside, and when the works were stormed, that somebody fell flat under the debris and had to remain there.

When the attacking force rushed in, it quite naturally trod upon the fallen door, and in so doing nearly squashed the stuffing out of the struggling defender below. The mingling of dust and haughty speech which floated forth upon the abashed atmosphere was so scandalous that I whooped and roared in such joy as is only safe for a man to taste once in a long lifetime.

The tongue of the attacking force was limber too, and the storm of Anglo-Saxon profanity that resulted must have made Old Nick's tail curl with joyful anticipation! And above all rose the flute-like tones of Ma'am as she blithely heaved at the bureau and the bedstead and stacked them her side the bedroom door.

No bear with half sense would have graced that performance with his presence, and no bear ever did. Lewis found the carcass in the swamp some days later and it was so full of buckshot that the best he could do was to save me the head, the paws, and enough of the hide to make me a pair of gauntlets, which stunk like polecats every damp day.

Toronto, Dec. '99.

Fair Maiden (a summer boarder)—How savagely that cow looks at me! Farmer Hay—It's your red parson, mum. Fair Maiden—Dear me! I knew it was a little out of fashion, but I didn't suppose a country cow would notice it.—E.E.

Mother—Willie, did the grocer tell you these eggs were fresh? Willie—He didn't say, but he told me to hurry home with them.—Town Topics.

First Tramp—Dese people what complain of dere work bein' too hard make me tired. Second Tramp—Dey do? First Tramp—Yes; why don't dey throw up de job?—Puck.

Bridget—I can't stand the missus, sur. Von Blumer (sarcastically)—It's a pity, Bridget, that I couldn't have selected a wife to suit you. Bridget—Sure, sur, we all make mistakes.—Tit Bits.

Sure to Ask.

The Kind of Coffee When Postum Is Well Made.

"Three great coffee drinkers were my old school friend and her two daughters. They are always complaining and taking medicine. I determined to give them Postum Food Coffee instead of coffee when they visited me, so without saying anything to them about it, I made a big pot of Postum the first morning, using four heaping teaspoons to the pint of water and let it boil twenty minutes, stirring down occasionally.

"Before the meal was half over, each one passed up the cup to be refilled, remarking how fine the coffee was. The mother asked for a third cup and inquired as to the brand of coffee I used. I didn't answer her question just then, for I had heard her say a while before that she didn't like Postum Food Coffee unless it was more than half old-fashioned coffee.

"After breakfast I told her that the coffee she liked so well at breakfast was pure Postum Food Coffee, and the reason she liked it was because it was properly made, that is, it was boiled long enough to bring out the flavor. I have been brought up from a nervous, wretched invalid, to a fine condition of physical health by leaving off coffee and using Postum Food Coffee.

"I am doing all I can to help the world out of coffee slavery to Postum freedom, and have earned the gratitude of many, many friends." Myra J. Fuller, 102 Troost Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

Will the Filipinos Invade the United States?

HERE is a question that seems nothing short of ridiculous, yet on second thoughts it proves to be a very serious one, for the invasion will not be military, but industrial. In Canada we know something of the feeling that exists in British Columbia against the coming in of Chinese labor; but the evil on our Pacific Coast is trifling in dimensions as compared with what California has suffered. Back in the 'sixties, the profits to be derived from carrying Chinese to San Francisco were so great that regular contractors entered the business, and at last thousands per month were landed there until laws were passed prohibiting the trade. One man named Koopmanschap is said to have imported scores of thousands of Chinese coolies to California, Chile and Peru, and made a fortune out of it. The San Francisco Argonaut points out the danger that now threatens the laboring classes of the United States now that Hawaii and the Philippine Islands are annexed. It says:

We have been promised by the President that the flag will never be hauled down. These people, therefore, are now under the domain of the constitution and laws of the United States. We have given them liberty, and that liberty certainly includes the power to go and come wherever they choose upon American soil. We could scarcely, under the constitution, forbid them to go from one part of the United States to another. That liberty would be the liberty of a dog chained to his kennel. Therefore it must be assumed that the citizens of our Pacific possessions are free to come and go—that Filipinos may travel from Manila to San Francisco, from Luzon to Maine, as freely as the citizens of California may sail from San Francisco to Manila Bay.

This is the problem that now confronts Congress. Shall the importation of Asiatic labor from our Pacific possessions be permitted? If it is permissible under the constitution, as is certainly the case, shall the constitution be amended? If Democratic opposition should prevent such amendments, in what other way, within or without the law, can Asiatic immigration be prevented?

We say "within or without the law." For the Republican party must not stand upon punctilio in this matter. Its very existence is at stake. The Republican party has encouraged Asiatic annexation. The Republican party must not encourage Asiatic immigration. The Republican party must not degrade the American workman.

The Argonaut goes on to point out that in the 'sixties the Pacific was a lonely ocean and ships rare, while now it is alive with shipping, and once a movement sets in ship owners will be quick to see the profits of carrying human freight. There is (it says) no more profitable freight than human beings. The human cargo emarks and disembarks itself. There are no stevedores required to discharge coolie ships. It is a beautiful business—from the coolie contractor's point of view. As to its profit there can be no question.

Under the constitution of the United States there seems no way by which the in-flow of Asiatics from the Philippine Islands can be prevented. While no laws forbade it, there came a quarter of a million Asiatics in twenty years into the United States. Despite those laws the Filipinos are now eligible to enter the United States, the profits that ship owners may derive will stimulate the traffic, the results are incalculable. The Argonaut concludes its argument by asserting that the Constitution must be amended to meet the danger and that the Republican party—which it supports—having annexed the Philippines must protect the work-people of the United States from the evil consequences that threaten.

Some Stories of Russian Czars.

THE Emperor Nicholas II. recently caused a passport to be granted to a wretched-looking woman in order that she might go to Siberia and bring home her sick husband. The crime for which the man had been sent to the mines was rather a curious one. It is well known that at Easter time it is the custom for the Imperial Family to visit the Metropolitan Church of the capital and assist at the public ceremonies, which are more gorgeous in Russia than in any other country. At the end of the ceremony there is a general kissing on the lips, and the exchange of these two sentences: "Christ is risen!" "He is risen indeed!" Then etiquette prescribes that the Czar shall kiss the first humble person he meets when coming out of the church. This person is generally the sentry, who has been carefully washed and perfumed for the occasion.

A few years ago Alexander III., having the Czarina on his arm, and followed by a cortege of grand dukes and grand duchesses, had reached the threshold of the cathedral when he saw the sentry, a short dark man, whose piercing eyes were fixed on His Majesty as in defiance. The Czar approached him, the man bowed slightly to receive the untold favor, the sham kiss was given, and the sacred words pronounced: "Christ is risen!" "No, indeed he is not!" answered the man, in a loud voice. Two days later the careless officer who had so badly chosen his subject for the Imperial show, and the cheeky and fanatical Jew sentry who had so publicly braved the Czar of All the Russias were both sent to Siberia. The poor Jewess has only just received news of her husband.

Emperor Nicholas I. was eccentric in the punishments that he inflicted on offenders. He once noticed a gross act of rudeness on the part of one of his nobility to an old lady. "You will walk up and down that corridor all night," said His Majesty, "and every time you turn you will say in a loud voice, 'I'm a puppy! I'm a puppy!'" And he had to do so.

According to a second story, the Emperor, at some garden-party, or other afternoon summer festivity, at the palace, chanced to overhear a conversation between a dashing young officer in his army and a very pretty girl, whom the Captain



erroneously believed to have fallen in love with his gallant self, and to whom he was condescendingly explaining—to her manifest indignation—that she was not of sufficiently high birth to be his wife.

The Emperor at once interfered. He sternly rebuked the officer, and having expressed to the young lady his regret that an officer in his army should have treated her so rudely, requested her to remain for an hour in one of the apartments of the palace, and ordered that during the whole of that time the offending captain should lie at her feet and kiss her shoes! Neither ventured to disobey, and so the blushing, but secretly-delighted girl was escorted to a private apartment, and was there duly seated in state, while the enraged captain had to spend an entire hour prostrate at her dainty feet, kissing the pretty patent leather sandal-shoes which were then so fashionable.

Once the Czar was annoyed that a leading citizen of St. Petersburg had seemed to avoid him in the street, and, receiving the explanation that the offender did not see him, commanded him thenceforward always to wear spectacles out of doors, to the extreme disgust of the victim, whose vision was excellent.

Brother Joe Kipling.

SEVERAL papers in the United States have republished a bit of a poem entitled Brother Joe from the London Academy, with the explanation that it was written because Kipling had joined a Masonic lodge in Edinburgh. As a matter of fact, if Kipling has joined a lodge in Edinburgh, it was in the way of affiliation, as he was identified with Masonry while in India, as some of his poems and stories manage to announce convincingly "to the brethren." It is to be understood that he is known as "Brother Joe."

Iohanned to be at Rottingdean upon a little trip:

I met a fellow Mason there and gave the man the grip:

"What ho," I said, "my Rudyard!" But his look was cold as snow:

"My name, you ought to understand," he said, "is Brother Joe."

O it's Rudyard this, and Kipling that, with poems, tales, and such,

And Rudyard Kipling is a name that can't be known too much.

O it's Rudyard this, and Kipling that, with any writing dodge,

But it's Brother Joseph Kipling when he joins a blooming lodge.

I went into a library to get a book to read, The man behind the counter asked: "What is it, sir, you need?"

"I want," I said, "the latest thing that Joseph Kipling's done."

"Go on," he said, "you're having me. Joe Kipling? There isn't one."

O it's Brother Joe, and Joseph, when insignias are out,

And knives and forks are busy and the bottle goes about,

It's "Brother Joe from India" where'er the Masons throng,

But it's Rudyard Kipling only when he writes a blooming song.

A monopoly is a good deal like a baby. A man is opposed to it on general principles until he has one of his own.

He—Marie, can you tear yourself away from your loving father's roof, and go with me? She—Mercy—yes; this isn't his roof, we're just renters.—Detroit Free Press.

"Most of these variety dancers," said the shoe-clerk boarder, "finish as total wrecks." "Of course," said the Cheerful Idiot; "their stage life is usually a succession of break-downs."—Indianapolis Journal.

Clara—Did you notice that fine-looking gentleman turn and look back at me after he had passed? Maude—Yes. Isn't it

queer how little it takes to turn a man's head!—Chicago News.

Sportsman (to Snobson, who hasn't brought down a single bird all day)—Do you know Lord Peckham? Snobson—Oh, dear, yes. I've often shot at his house. Sportsman—Ever hit it?—Tit Bits.

Christmas Buying IN... Bedding Goods

Goods are here that are found nowhere else, for our goods are different to others—a store given over wholly to the selling of beds and bedding.

—Specials in brass beds—\$15 to \$75.
—Specials in satin covered comforters—read down filled, starting at \$5.
—The Ostermoor patent elastic felt mattress—\$9 to \$15.

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Are you troubled with Pimples, Blackheads, Freckles, Mothpatches, Acne, Eczema, or any facial imperfections? If so, do not fail to consult Madame Lorraine Kennedy, the leading and successful complexion specialist, who guarantees entire satisfaction.

Wrinkles Can Be Removed

And to demonstrate the fact I have secured an aged lady and removed the wrinkles from one side of the face and left the other, thus showing what her face was like before treatment; a feat which no other Dermatologist in Canada has ever accomplished. Also a young girl with the freckles removed from one side of the face. Do not fail to see them while on exhibition. All consultations free.

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To induce a cathartic action of the bowels without the objectionable effects, such as griping, etc., so common to the majority of laxatives, no remedy responds to the need of the patient with more satisfaction and celerity than

Cascara Laxative Tabs

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There is no remedy that stimulates nature so well in its effect; no other is better suited to the permanent relief of intestinal inactivity or constipation. Its gentle effect produces the natural function of the bowels. By the use of CASCARA LAXATIVE TABS they do not produce the cathartic taking habit, and in all cases where a laxative is indicated they are a help, not a hindrance.

25 cents per box at all druggists, or from

The Dr. Sims Tablet Co.

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Free Lessons in Silk Work

Messrs. Hemmingsway & Sons, the large manufacturers of Art Embroidery Silks, are giving free lessons in silk work at their Canadian agency, 52 Bay Street, Toronto. Samples of some of the finest silk work in America are on exhibition at their office.

"Phone 144." 53 Bay Street.

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Second shipment of the GENUINE

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To be obtained only at 85 King West.

Lounge Jackets and Gowns

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Cluta Green Grass Furniture

This grass comes from the Southern States and is brought north to be made up into specialties in furniture and other novelties. The goods are not only peculiarly attractive, but thoroughly useful and the prices not extravagant. This is the first importation of these goods into Canada:

Cluta Cake Stand, three plates, a real novelty and made for service, special..... \$3.50 and 3.00
Cluta Grass Seats, square top, strongly made and comfortable, sp. clal 4.75
Cluta Grass Arm Chairs, they give a unique finish to the furnishings of a room, special..... 11.50
Cluta Grass Arm Chairs, with work basket attached at each side, special..... 16.50
Cluta Grass Arm Chairs, with broad arm rests, very comfortable, special..... 13.50
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These goods are very fitting for holiday gifts, because of their beauty and the fact that they are different to what you find anywhere else in the stores.

JOHN KAY, SON & CO., 36-38 King St. West, Toronto

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SUITS
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Ready-made.

We have no special holiday airs—

Lots of things about the store that are here just to add to the pleasure of shopping here—and you have them all year 'round.

And they're backed up by the best ready-made clothing money can buy—man or boy—

—Overcoats—5.00 to 22.50—
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 —Pea Jacket—extra nice blue curl—9.00—
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 —Smoking jackets—4.50 up—
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Your money back if you want it—

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TEMPERANCE and YONGEUnwritten Law
in the
Best SocietyFor Dinners,
Receptions and Five
o'Clock's, the neces-
sary, nay, the indis-
pensable adjunct to
the correct repast is

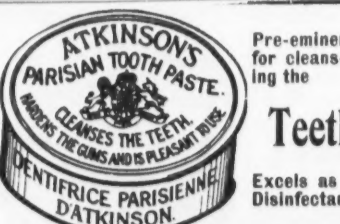
Chocolat Menier.



His babyship

will be wonderfully freshened up,
and his whole little fat body will
shine with health and cleanliness
after his tub with the "Albert"Baby's Own
Soap.This soap is made entirely with
vegetable fats, has a faint but ex-
quisite fragrance, and is unsurpassed
as a nursery and toilet soap.

Beware of imitations.

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MONTREAL.A Tiny
Bit of LaceIt is little, but it may be costly—too
costly to be carelessly cleaned. Our
methods are safe, and expert lace work-
ers repair customers' lace when needed.R. PARKER & CO.
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Character Drawing in Fiction.

LAST week an article entitled Ouida
and Robert Barr was published
in this paper in which the writer
declared that Robert Barr went
too far in asking Canadians to re-
nounce the master novelists of the

English language in favor of their own
story writers, who as yet can do little
better than agreeably amuse readers for
the time being. "Our writers as yet,"
said the article, "do not create characters
in their fiction who are as real in the
recollection of readers as real persons.
The personages in the average book of the
day—whether by a Canadian or an Eng-
lish author—are indefinite, mist-enveloped
figures that fade away as you close the
book. They were probably unreal to the
authors themselves." In substance it was
contended that Gilbert Parker, Charles
G. D. Roberts, Robert Barr and other
Canadian writers can never reach the in-
timate relation with a reader that deserves
the endearing title of "favorite author"
until they create characters in their
stories—not only give them names and
trace them through a series of events, but
invest them with qualities and breathe
into them the breath of life. It is this
that only a Master can do. In line with
this reasoning comes an article by Prof.
Richard Burton in the *Forum* for Decem-
ber. It has been laid down as a principle
that there are four fundamentals in novel-
writing: invention or plot, construction,
description and characterization. Prof.
Burton thinks that of these characteriza-
tion is supreme. "A novel," he says,
"without salient character-drawing, what-
ever its merits in other directions, can
never take high rank; it is almost cer-
tainly a failure foredoomed." Ability in
this one quality will insure success in the
face of serious deficiency in other qualities,
he thinks, and will account for the firm
hold which certain writers continue to
have upon the public in spite of rough
handling by the professional critics:

Master improvisers like Dumas and
Scott showed their genius just here.
Their personages live; the roughest types
they created are realized to the imagina-
tion of readers; so that to kill off the
sense of their existence would, literally,
leave the actual world lonelier for many
of us. The folk next door are real; we
know it in a perfunctory way. But they
are phantoms compared with the verities of
the 'Three Guardsmen,' or of 'Di Ver-
non,' and 'Dandie Dinmont.'

"Dickens," to take a later novelist, is
perhaps the best possible example of this
paramount power which excuses short-
comings in other directions. Is there any
other maker of story in modern English
literature—after all allowances have been
made, and not forgetting that some cur-
rent criticism of the man of Gadshill will
have it that he is for a more careless age
—who has begun to furnish such a por-
trait-gallery of worthies and adorable
grotesques—a motley crowd whom we all
know and enjoy and love? I wot not.
The fact that Dickens is at times a trifle
incoherent or careless in his English, or
allows his exuberance to lead him into
exaggeration, or fails to blend perfectly
the discordant elements of comedy and
tragedy, sinks into insignificance when
set over against such a faculty as this.
He was a veritable giant here."

Looking at the work of recent novelists
in this light, says Professor Burton, we
are able to understand the limited popu-
larity of some writers much praised by
the critics for their excellence of style
and their powers of description:

It may be stated boldly that where
the present-day fictionist fails above
all else is in character—the sign, *par
excellence*, of the creator. A few years
ago it would have been in consonance
with the facts to say that he was
weak in invention was weak. But now,
with romances appearing daily, and start-
ling plots in the very air one breathes, this lack
is less felt. But character-making, yes.
Nor can the blame justly be laid on the
public, which is always eager to welcome
a piece of veritable character-drawing.
As I write, David Harum is the best
selling story—and therefore book, since
fiction still has a corner on literature.
Why is this? Because it contains one
thoroughly racy and enjoyable character;
the rest is naught. The book is not a
novel. It has no plot worth mentioning,
and but little construction; being a purely
conventional treatment of the love-motif.
The nominal hero's only mortal use is,
that Uncle David may have some one to
talk to steadily. But the tale has a bon-
afide creation in David himself; and this
is enough to give it a remarkable, and de-
served, popularity. Yet reflect a moment
that there is not even a second-rate novel
by Dickens which does not contain, I will
not say one, but half a dozen, humorous
character-types, any one of which might
be named as an antidote to the shrewd,
kindly horse trader and country banker.
This is not said in the spirit of detraction,
but merely to bring home the thought that
we have fallen on a paucity of real
character-creation, which results in an
almost pathetically cordial reception for
it when a modicum of it is proffered.

Kipling? Very strong he is, of a truth,
in invention, construction, description,
and dialogue, but where are his characters?
Outside of Mowgli and the Soldiers Three
has he given us any? An obvious answer
is that, being primarily a short story
maker, he is, by the definition of his art,
excluded from triumphs in this kind, since
characterization requires a larger canvas.
There is something in this; but it does not
affect the main proposition that Kipling's
forte, thus far, has not been the delineation
of personality. That he has been able, within
short-story limits, to stamp Mulvaney and
his commensals with so much individual-
ity speaks volumes for his natural abilities
in a perilous endeavor. Nevertheless, as
the writer of a dozen or more volumes,
and having in view the striking effects he
has produced, it is worth noting that Kip-
ling's contribution to fictional portraiture
has not been large.

It is curious and amusing, says the
writer, "to see how current novels are
heralded with trumpets of prophecy and
followed by columnar eulogies, when, in
this article of character truly alive, they
are nil." Professor Burton instances
Aylwin as an example of this class—a
story, he says, containing romantic poetry
of a strained, fantastic, morbid kind, but
in characterization a failure. He contin-
ues:

It really seems as if, with the rapidly
increasing skill in the other technical
points of novelistic art, this potent, this
supreme power of characterization were
in danger of its life. Is it that our story-
tellers lack gift, genius, or simply that, in
the care spent upon analysis or construc-
tion, description or style, or all of them,
they have lost sight of the most vital
element in any and all fiction? Or is
it again—very plausible this—that problem
and principle have led our fictionists some-
what away from their straight-away
actions of flesh-and-blood folk? The pes-
simist will incline toward the easy solu-

A MERRY
TO THE MANY
DRINKERS OF
LUDELLA
CEYLON TEA

tion, concluding that it is all a question of
ability, that we have fallen on little days,
if not evil; that when the gods go, the half-
gods arrive. Genius was of yore; now is
the time of carefully cultivated talents.
But the student of social history, and
literature in its relation thereto, will pre-
fer to see in the wonderful development of
the art of fiction during the last quarter-
century a more essential cause for the
temporary abeyance in the power of creat-
ing salient, unforgettable characters.

We incline to the view that Prof.
Burton ascribes to the pessimists. It is
impossible to believe that an author with
a gift for character drawing should under-
value it and leave it in abeyance, although
it may readily be understood that the
eager, the manufacturing, the competi-
tive haste, with which novels are now
written, precludes the possibility of power-
ful character drawing. You cannot come
to intimately know a flesh and blood
acquaintance in a month or a year, yet a
novelist will conceive his characters and
write his book in a month or two. How
can he write intimately of characters of
whom he has but caught a general
glimpse? Perhaps Scott wrote a novel in
a short space of time, but Scott was a
prodigy, not only while he sat at desk
writing, but before that while he was
ripening for his work, absorbing to the
full of his great capacity the material to
be needed later.

The Comtesse Fainted.

THE house No. 7 on the Promenade
des Anglais, at Nice, has just
been bought by a Miss Gough, a
wealthy American lady, who
intends to convert the two first floors of
her new dwelling into a huge hall, where
she has promised to give some remarkable
fetes. It remains to be seen if she will
ever have the honor of receiving within
her walls the man who, quite unwittingly,
killed her predecessor in that house. It
was inhabited for years by the Comtesse
Colloredo, wife of the Ambassador of
Rome, a proud lady, who died there. She
was a fanatic about etiquette, and one
evening, at the Palais Borghese, in Rome,
she saw a lady of rank who had taken by
mistake the seat reserved for Madame
l'Ambassadrice. So, calmly, and without
turning a hair, she walked straight to
her fauteuil, and, falling on the lap of the
offender, proceeded to calmly arrange the
folds of her dress.

She was in the habit, while at Nice, of
spending an hour every day before dinner
on the terrace of the Kursaal. One even-
ing, as she was enjoying a rest with her
little dog on her lap and her flunkey in
livery behind her chair, a gentleman ap-
proached, and, politely taking off his hat,
said, in pure French: "Glad to see you,
Madame."

The Comtesse stared at the personage,
and haughtily asked, "Pray, who are you,
sir?"

"I'm afraid I must have changed very
much since last I saw you," answered the
gentleman, with a shade of vexation in
his voice. "You do not know me?"

"No; nor do I wish to know you,
Monsieur," retorted the lady, who got up
and walked away majestically.

The eye of the gentleman twinkled.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup
has been used by mothers for their children while teething.
Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest
by a sick child suffering with pain of cutting
teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs.
Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. Its
value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little
sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is
no mistake about it. It cures diarrhea, regulates the
stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums,
reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the
whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup"
for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the
prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians
in and out of the United States, and is for sale by all
druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents
a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Sooth-
ing Syrup."

A FEW Questions and
Answers of Interest to
contemplating piano buyers
concerning the . . .

What is an Orchestral Piano? An Orchestral Piano is so designated because of the many distinct tones which may be produced at will by the performer.

How are these Tones Produced? By means of certain combinations of the FOUR pedals with which the piano is equipped.

What Tones may be Produced by the Average Pianist? The following imitations may be acquired with little practice:

"BELL" PIANOS enable you to imitate the Harp.
 "BELL" PIANOS produce the tones of the Zither.
 "BELL" PIANOS give you the tone, at will, of Mozart's old
 Spinnet.
 "BELL" PIANOS produce the tones and effects of Handel's Harp-
 sichord.
 "BELL" PIANOS enable you to interpret the works of Bach, as
 written for the Clavichord.
 "BELL" PIANOS give you, if wanted, the tones and effects of the
 old Dulcimer.
 "BELL" PIANOS imitate the Mandolin to perfection.
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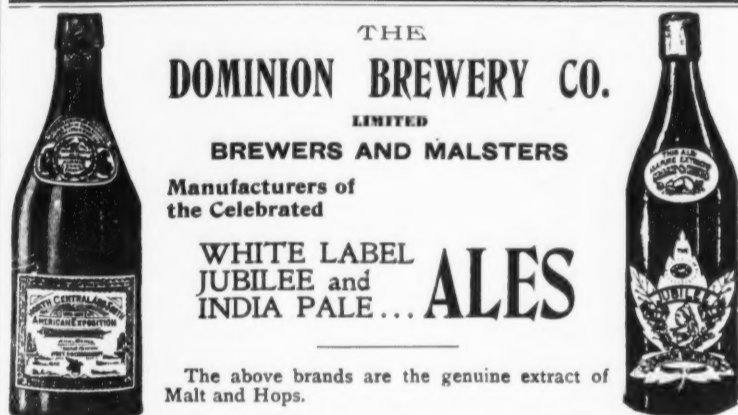
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EDMUND R. SHEPPARD - Editor

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NEW YORK *Life* is a comic paper that says many a true word in jest and expresses many very sound views that other publications fail to draw public attention to. Its recent article on Dramatizing the Christian Religion has already been commented upon in the *Evening News*, but it is so entirely in line with what I have frequently urged in these columns that I wish to produce it here. I believe that the stage has its own field of usefulness, and that it is a very large one, and very poorly cultivated. To encroach upon the field of working religion is not desirable. Such plays even as *The Christian*, which found favor with many religious people, and *The Sign of the Cross*, which was even better received by the church-going classes, are, although less objectionable than *Ben-Hur*, like it in the fact that Christianity is made use of to coax to the theater those who do not go there—to coax them there not for any good or any bad purpose whatever, but solely in order to score a financial and popular stage triumph that will enrich and bring fame to playwright, actors and managers. The production of such plays is a concession to fraudulent piety. As *Life* says, there are church-goers who profess to abhor the drama, yet "jump at any religious excuse to go to the theater." It is to "catch" these that the big production of *Ben-Hur* has been prepared in New York, also *The Sign of the Cross* and *The Christian*. The success of these plays will cause others to be prepared. Would it not be better for church-goers to revise their whole attitude to the drama and eschew false pretenses, patronizing the literary and morally sound examples of the drama, and marking with their disfavor all that is cheap and nasty on the stage? The article in *Life* was as follows:

With what success *Christ* may be made a commodity for theatrical enterprise rests entirely with those of us who are believers in the Christian religion. Every theatrical manager knows that no play which offends religious feeling can be made a financial success. Even in wicked New York an irreverent play could not succeed by the sole support and patronage of agnostics, pagans, Jews, and unbelievers. They are here in considerable numbers, to be sure, but they could not make possible a production offending Christian sentiment, especially a play involving such a large outlay as that expended on *Ben-Hur* at the Broadway Theater.

The question with the manager is, then, just how far he can go in the use of New Testament material without offence, because he knows that if he can make the presentation of anything touching on Christ's life possible for church-goers to witness he has secured a tremendous increase in his paying public. In *Ben-Hur* he has sought to do this by substituting for the actual impersonation of Christ on the stage the indication of his miracle-performing presence by an electric light thrown on the subjects of the miracle. In every other particular it is sought to give as close and theatrical a picture of Christ's entry into Jerusalem as possible. It is for each individual Christian to determine according to his own conscience whether or no he cares to witness an episode in Christ's life portrayed in this way. As a sop to Christian sentiment we are told of the "reverent spirit" in which the piece is presented. Anyone who knows how much of the "reverent spirit" is possible in the back-of-the-curtain part of a spectacular and mechanical play and who recognizes that the play is under Jewish management, backed by Jewish capital, and that a large proportion of the actors are of that race, will understand the devotional and non-mercenary mood in which the task of depicting one of the most sacred episodes in Christian history is approached. It is for each believer to

decide for himself to what extent he is willing to let his desire to witness a theatrical spectacle prevail over his respect for his religion.

The young Earl of Yarmouth, who has just made his professional debut on the stage in New York in a piece called *Make Way for the Ladies*, is the latest aristocratic recruit to the theatrical profession. On the English stage are Lord Roslyn and the Countess Russell, who have come from the ranks of the aristocracy, though there are many others bearing titles of nobility whose association with the stage is still in some measure maintained. Lady Mansell is even now going into theatrical management, and Lady Sholto Douglas is a beauty of the Californian stage. Miss Blair of Mr. Wilson Barrett's company is probably not generally known to be a daughter of the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland.

The Cummings Stock Company put on the well known and amusing farce, *Our Flat*, this week at the Princess. If they would stick to farces and leave more serious efforts for other people it would be a more satisfactory arrangement all around. In *Our Flat* they are at home, so to speak, but it is quite a different thing when they blunder into other people's flats which are too big for them. On the programme of *Our Flat* the announcement is made for next week of "the finest production ever seen in Toronto of Shakespeare's famous comedy, *Romeo and Juliet*," with "a really powerful cast." There is a great deal of humbug talked about Shakespeare and an enormous amount of affected reverence is expressed for his works by people that don't know a line of them. But surely it will strike everybody that from *Our Flat* to *Romeo and Juliet* is a far cry. A company that was eminently suited for either one could hardly be expected to make a success of the other. Yet the Cummings Stock Company, who have not convinced any discriminating person who has attended their performances this year that their hearts are in their work, are going to get up one of the masterpieces of the English stage, with only such rehearsals as they can work in, in a week, between two performances a day. Are they making game of the Toronto public? At the Princess this year, the policy seems to be to produce anything that suggests itself, as long as its title makes good advertising. It is unfair, of course, to say anything against a production that has not yet been produced, yet the idea of the Cummings Stock Company playing *Romeo and Juliet* in Toronto is a little too much. It is, however, very candid of them to announce that their production of it will be a comedy.

After eight or ten years of deep reflection I am wholly unable to understand the people who nightly inhabit the top gallery of the Grand Opera House. They seem to be of a different race from those who sit in the first gallery and on the ground floor, yet if you go up among them you find among them a very large sprinkling of young men about town, who



Julia Arthur as Josephine.

follow football and lacrosse and profess to be very much up to date in matters theatrical. If you look them over you will say that no more intelligent top gallery could be found anywhere; yet if you walk downstairs and take a seat, the curtain will not have fallen until from that top gallery rises a clamorous demand for "a speech." Presumably they want someone to come before the curtain and make a speech, but very often the demand is made when there is no one person in the play more conspicuous than another, or when the leading member of the company is a lady. This craving on the part of the gallery for "speeches" has become an irresistible appetite, a remorseless lust. Often as they succeed in bringing an actor to the footlights they get a dreary, stammering speech that can afford no satisfaction to any normal person. Oftener than



The Wishbone.

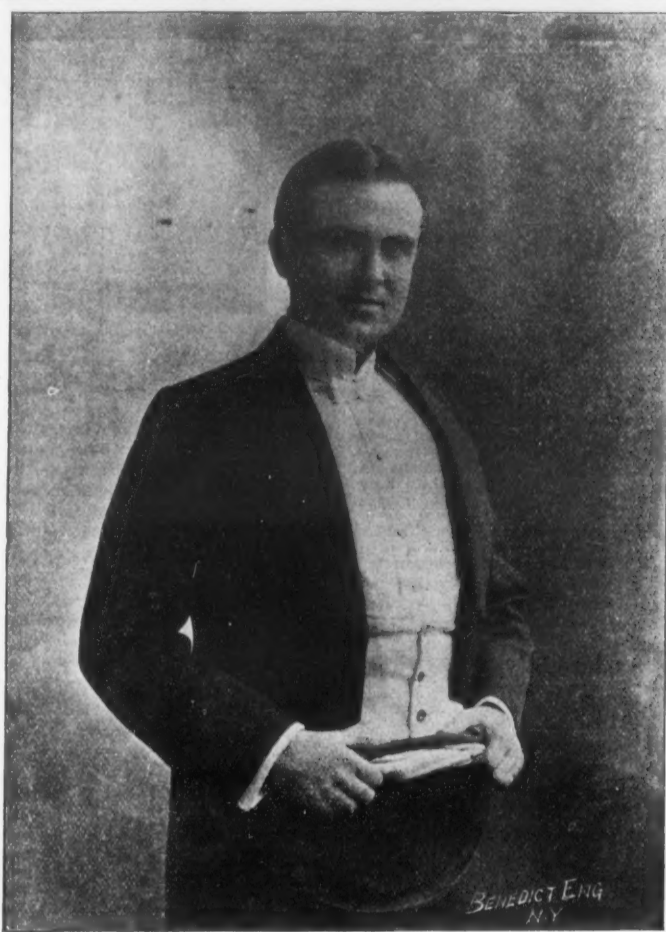
not they implore in vain, and the actors raise the curtain again and again, make their bows, and stare up at the gallery wondering what on earth the monsters want. Actors who come here cannot account for it except on the ground that it is some local gag that they do not catch the meaning of, but those who live here are quite as much in the dark as are the actors and actresses who meet it for the first time. It would be worth while for the authorities of the Grand to investigate the whole matter, so as to learn what dim half-light of intelligence suggests this cry of "speech, speech," to the birds in the pigeon-loft of the theater. Many of those who sit up there must be as greatly annoyed by the utter stupidity of it, as are those who sit downstairs and those who play on the stage. Yet, what can they do? If they hiss, they but add to the folly of the clamor; if they cheer to drown out the foolishness, they seem but to lend it strength. The only cure, perhaps, will be for some actor to come out before the footlights and "roast" the gallery goose to a crisp.

The Grand Opera House is closed this week, like many other theaters all over America. Mme. Modjeska is taking a week's rest in Ottawa, as many other theatrical stars are doing elsewhere. The fact is that the week preceding Christmas is a poor one for the stage, owing to the absorbing interest of holiday shopping. This is so well known a fact that it is very hard for the managers of theaters to book companies for the week, business is so sure to be bad. But there is no difficulty in getting companies for Christmas week, which is one of the best in the whole season.

The Commercial Travelers' third annual concert will take place in Massey Hall on Wednesday, December 27, at eight p.m. The holding of this annual concert in holiday week, when the travelers are home, is a happy idea and for two years past has resulted in providing one of the finest entertainments of the whole season. This year the artists will be: Mrs. MacKelcan, Mrs. Martin Murphy, Miss Lillian Burns, Mr. George A. Fleming of New York, Mr. George R. Joseph, Mr. Joseph Baker, and the band of the 48th Highlanders. The plan is now open at Massey Hall.

The Dreyfus Case is presented at the Toronto Opera House this week in the play, *Devil's Island*, and although this week is about the poorest in the season for drawing crowds, owing to the activities of other kinds that precede Christmas, yet fairly good houses greet the production.

The expense of producing such a play as *More Than Queen*, which Julia Arthur and company will present at the Grand Opera House next week, is nothing short of vast. It is staged in a style that is almost extravagant, and in respect of stage appointments nothing finer than this need be looked for. When this play made its success in Paris, Jane Hading played Josephine and Coquelin appeared



MR. ANDREW MACK,

Who makes his first appearance here next week.

as Napoleon, and it will please Toronto people to see a Canadian girl playing the part of Josephine in so great a play, so magnificently staged. For the first time we shall see Julia Arthur in a play that gives her talents full scope, and we expect that she will score a triumph. There will be matinees on Christmas day and on Saturday next.

Minnie Palmer will head the big Christmas bill at Sheela's. Miss Palmer, one of the most widely known actresses, will present her one-act play, *Rose Pompon*. Sam, Kittle and Clara Louise Morton, the great dancers, will offer their new sketch, *Clara Louise Morton* is one of the sweetest little women ever seen on a stage. The Mouliere Sisters do a fine horizontal bar act. Ed Latell, Willette & Thorne, Carrie Behr, the Silvers, a good monologue and the biograph complete a strong bill. In the biograph a view of General Sir Redvers Buller and staff arriving at Cape Town, South Africa, will be shown.

Andrew Mack, the delightful Irish comedian who has made one of the big successes of the year in New York in *The Last of the Robans*, a new play by Ramsay Morris, has been secured by Manager Small of the Toronto Opera House for Christmas week. Mr. Mack, although not new in comedy, has come into new and unusual prominence through his connection with this fine Irish play, *The Last of the Robans*. People who are tired of the ridiculous stage Irishman are welcoming Mr. Mack in every city where he has appeared for this natural and intellectual treatment of an interesting character.

Madame Modjeska greatly pleased the lovers of good acting in Toronto last week at the Grand Opera House.

To Jennie—An Acrostic.

Jennie, your lovely true eyes of blue,
Een at this moment look me through and through;
Now through my window-panes they seem to look,
Now do they float between me and my book;
I think from pain they give me oft release;
For may they fill the world with beams of peace.

—ROSENET.

A Mixed-up Case.

THE other day a London omnibus, full of passengers, drove up to its suburban terminus. Side by side sat a commercial traveler and a lady temperance lecturer. The commercial seized his bag and started out. The lady made a grab after him, and he halted.

"I beg your pardon," she said; "but you have my bag."

"You are certainly mistaken, madam," the traveler said, courteously but firmly; "this is mine."

"No, sir," the lady replied firmly; "it is mine. I should know it among a thousand. You must not take it."

But the traveler persisted and the lady insisted, and they came very near quarreling. Presently one of the passengers pointed to a twin bag in the omnibus and asked:

"Who's is that?"

"It isn't mine," said the traveler. "It is just like it, but this is mine."

"And it isn't mine," said the lady. "He has mine, and I want it, or I'll have the law on him. It's a pity if a lady can't travel alone in this country without being robbed of her property in broad daylight."

Finally, the traveler said he would open the bag to prove his property. The lady objected at first, saying she did not want her bag opened in the presence of a crowd of strangers. But, as there was no other means of settling the dispute, she at length consented. The traveler sprang the lock, opened the bag, and the curious crowd bent forward to see. On the very top of everything lay a big fat flask half full of whisky, a pack of cards, a meerschaum pipe, one quarter-pound of tobacco, and one or two things that nobody knows the name of. The traveler was the first to recover his self-possession and speech.

"Madam," he said, "you are right. The bag is yours. I owe you a thousand apologies."

But the lady had fainted, and the

traveler reloaded his bag with a quiet smile. Early in the afternoon a sign-painter received a note, in a feminine hand, asking him to come to a certain house to mark a black leather bag in white letters a foot and a half deep.—*Exchange.*

A Christmas Correspondence.

From her to him:

"DEAR JIM,
I'm so perplexed,
So altogether tired out and vexed;
I've tramped through miles and miles and miles of stores,
I've handled gloves and ties and trash galore.
The girls are all disposed of—any stuff
That looks expensive's always good enough—
But you men, who grow humorous at a tie
And mock us for the poor cigars we buy,
(This wisdom isn't cribbed from out the paper's—
For my enlightenment, see comic papers)
You know a smoking cap would make you mad;
Please, is there anything you haven't had?
Just mention any trifle you prefer—
What is it that you want for Christmas, sir,
And I will bless you with my latest breath,
Most cordially, your friend,
ELIZABETH."

"DEAR GIRL," he wrote,

"I'm sorry that you're harassed
Although you've made me mightily embar-

assed.
Each Christmas of my life I've been so haunted
By all the awful things I haven't wanted,
I hardly can believe the tale is true
That I'm at last to have a thing, I do.
In fact, your letter really seems to say,
You are to dictate, I am to obey.
So poor, rash child, no longer I demur;
Imprimis them: two certain eyes of blue
That tell unbid the hidden thoughts of you;
Second: your strong, young hands, alert to lend
Their tender strength to help and hold a friend;
And third: that laugh of yours that rings as gay
As happy bells upon a holiday;
And fourth: your sweetness, tenderness and truth,
The glory and the gladness of your youth.
Dear little Madam Santa Claus, a line
To tell me if this present may be mine.
Oh, child, be generous this Christmas day,
And your petitioner will ever pray.
The right to sign himself, with sweet intent,
Always your graceful, glad,
RECHIENT."

—Theodosia Pickering Garrison in *Life*.

Baker's Aim.

A CAMBRIDGE student, while shooting bears on Anastasia Island, near St. Augustine, Florida, in company with a native white, John Baker, had an adventure sufficiently thrilling, as the *Boston Globe* gives it, to bear printing again. Anastasia is peopled on its edges by a few fishermen, but its interior is a wilderness of swamp, dense brake and tangled vines, which shelters a population of alligators, rattlesnakes, bears and other inhospitable creatures.

With his rifle and his ready revolver, the student landed, and under Baker's guidance soon got sight of a vicious-looking, half-grown bear. The growth about them was thick, so that the student took a shot at him with his revolver. Hurt in the breast, but not mortally, the bear mounted a tree.

Leaning against a broken and rotten tree, the student aimed again, this time with his rifle; but at that instant the hollow trunk broke under his weight, and he fell into the mire, the log falling upon his legs and fastening him down.

"Gun and revolver dropped in the confusion," says the hero of the adventure. "I turned my eyes toward Baker for aid, and saw him, with white, set face, very slowly reaching for my rifle, while his gaze was fixed on a big snake emerging from the decayed tree which was holding me down."

"We were in a sunny spot. I knew that if I remained motionless till dark—three hours—the reptile might crawl away without touching me, but the thought of such an ordeal was more than I could endure."

"With tongue extended, and angry eyes, the snake now coiled and prepared to strike at me. Never till then did I realize how ominous of death is the sound of a snake's rattle. But that snake had coiled for the last time, for Baker silently raised the rifle to his shoulder, and crack! a bullet whizzed close to my ear and crashed into the creature's mouth."

"In its writhings the rattler dragged its loathsome length over my face and body; but Baker had saved me, and his nerve and resolution deserve my undying gratitude."

The snake, which is now stuffed and mounted, measured seven feet and ten inches.

To Marion—An Acrostic.

Marion, the dawn that soon shall break on thee,
A Christmas Day of sweetness may it be,
Remaining so, until thy dark, true eyes,
In tranquil slumber close to earth and skies;
Oh, may the day, as joy and love it brings,
No sorrow bear thee on its burdened wings.

—ROSENET.

Notes from the Capital.

THE Countess of Minto has acceded to the request of the National Council of the Women of Canada and has become Honorary President of the Council. Last Monday the deputation appointed at the recent congress at Hamilton called upon Lady Minto at Government House. The ladies of this deputation were: Lady Laurier, Lady Ritchie, Mrs. Edward Griffin, Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Hutton, and Miss Theresa Wilson. They were cordially received by the Countess, and after the business part of the meeting was arranged—which was done quickly and satisfactorily—tea was brought in, giving a pleasant social aspect to the visit. Lady Minto is proving that she is interested in philanthropic schemes, even though she has not come forward to start them in so pronounced a manner as did her predecessor, Lady Aberdeen, who seemed to live for nothing else. Last week Lady Minto went to Montreal to attend a meeting of the local council held for the purpose of opening a branch of Associated Charities. While in that city she attended a meeting of the Victorian Order of Nurses. She has in the last couple of weeks presided at many charitable organizations, but her heart seems to go out to the Victorian Order more than to any other. She is anxious to help on as much as possible the nurses' work among the poor. She would like the poorer classes to become associate members of the order as well as the rich. Lady Minto's idea is to have a lower fee for associate membership of the poorer classes. It is a kindly idea, but class distinctions are so difficult to define in this somewhat democratic Dominion that it may not be practical.

The news of the reverses of General Buller's force came like a bombshell to Ottawa. Nothing else was talked of or thought of, and the second Canadian Contingent having been accepted has caused much satisfaction. There have been enough offers of volunteers made to the Government to fill two regiments. This time no one can accuse our soldiers of enlisting with false ideas, in hopes of a pleasure trip or anything of that kind. They know now that it is war in real earnest. The British Government has asked for cavalry, but artillery will probably be sent also.

The Marquis of Winchester, who was killed leading the Guards at Magersfontein, was Mrs. Hutton's first cousin. Captain Graham, A.D.C., is another to whom the Marquis of Winchester's death caused deep regret. The Marquis was colonel of the Coldstream and had been Captain Graham's captain from the time the latter joined the regiment. Unless some better news comes from South Africa soon, Christmas of 1900 is going to be a very different day from what we would like it to be. For many it cannot help being a sad day.

The collectors for the Red Cross Fund are hard at work going about from door to door with their little books. Collecting for anything is not pleasant work, but these ladies are usually civilly received, and in most cases some subscription, even though small, is put down. Now and again they come across a disagreeable person, who opens out on his opinion of the war, to which they listen politely, hoping he may give them something in the end. He never does, but concludes by handing his sympathies over to the Boers, whom he greatly resembles, only he is spelt boer, instead of Boer. He is not a French-Canadian, either, for I hear from a lady whose district lies in a locality where many French-Canadians live, that few of them have refused to subscribe, and when they did it was not in any spirit of unfriendliness, but because they had so many other calls upon their purses just at present. I mention this, as so much has been said of the disloyalty of the French-Canadians.

The drawing-room concert for the Red Cross Society has been put off to December 28, owing to a recital on December 27 by Mr. Watkin Mills, to which everybody will want to go. This drawing-room concert is to be one of the fashionable events of the season. The "stars" engaged for the evening are Dr. W. H. Drummond of Montreal and Mr. Ernest Du Domaine, the violinist. The drawing-room in Mr. Justice Gwynne's house is well adapted for an entertainment of this kind, as the lower end of the room is divided off by a broad archway. This part will do for the stage, with a good exit at the back leading into another large room, and another exit to the left leading into the main hall.

The concert of this week was the Ottawa Amateur Orchestral Society. His Excellency and the Countess of Minto had a box, also Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, and in another box was Madame Modjeska, who is taking a week's rest in Ottawa. She is stopping at the Russell. She has had visits from many of Ottawa's leading ladies, and not a few invitations. Mr. Wadsworth Harris, a talented member of her company, is also in town for the week. He is the guest of his cousin, Mrs. John Hodgins. AMARYLLIS.



1. Highlander—"Here comes my savage enemy myself." fully armed!"

2. "I must disguise myself."

3.

The Case of Brown.

From Varsity's Christmas Number.

MITH and Jones were two fourth year men who had been chums all through their college course. They now slept in the same room in Residence, and had a second room across the hall fitted up as a study and den. The walls of the latter were hung with all sorts of signs, stolen from a hundred shops on the Hallowe'en of the past four years. Over the hearth, in which a soft-coal fire was roaring, was a placard which read: "Scarlet Fever Here;" above this a painted board told you that, "We use only one cow's milk;" while the walls teemed with references to liver pills and spring medicines.

Smith, who had been curled up in a chair with his feet to the grate, imagining that he was studying, suddenly flung Jones' Synopsis of de Tocqueville on the table, and said, "Quit writing, you plug; that essay 'I'll do to-morrow. I don't see what good those essays are anyhow—we can't tell them anything they don't know already."

"But that's not why they make us write them; it's because—"

"If you keep on, you'll soon be as much of a stick as 'Wooden Brown.'"

"What a block Brown is," agreed Jones, submissively drawing his chair up to the fire. "He's always putting his foot in it; and yet the poor beggar means well. I don't understand what Miss Troop sees in him."

"Why, that reminds me," remarked Smith, "I heard quite a bit of news about him to-day. Brown can't be so slow after all. Billy Dickson told me just this morning that 'Wooden' had proposed to Miss Troop, and she has accepted him. I've no idea how Billy found it out."

"Well, I never thought she'd take him in the end. I don't see how he ever had sand enough to come to the point."

"It must have been a queer scene. I'd like to know how he acted," chuckled Smith. "What's that, someone coming up the stairs, eh? I wonder who it is at this time of night?"

A knock sounded on the door.

"Come in," shouted Smith.

The door opened.

"Well, I'll be hanged, if it isn't 'Wooden' himself, sit down, give me your hand. I hear you're to be congratulated."

Brown, a tall, pale fellow with a long nose, far away eyes, and a stoop, silently sank into a chair and heaved a tremendous sigh.

"What's the matter, 'Wooden,' you not unwell, I hope, are you?" asked Jones, kindly.

"The responsibilities of his new position are making themselves felt," observed the sympathetic Smith, looking critically at his glum-faced guest. "Let me feel your pulse."

He held Brown's wrist for a moment.

"The beat indicates very low vitality. I would say that the patient's system had recently undergone a severe shock," concluded Smith with great gravity.

"Quit your fooling, Smiddy, and let 'Wooden' talk. Now, Brown, old man, tell us what's wrong."

"If I didn't know you fellows so well, I wouldn't tell you what I'm going to," began Brown, "but I trust you not to let out on me—you'll promise, won't you?"

Smith and Jones both nodded.

Brown paused and did not seem to know where to commence.

"It's about Miss Troop," at last he blurted out with a rush.

"You are a lucky beggar, but I wouldn't look so blue if I were in your shoes," broke in Smith.

The corners of Brown's mouth twitched and he looked bluer than ever.

"You may have noticed," he went on at last, "that I have been showing some attention to Miss Troop lately."

"Well, yes," interrupted Smith, "it is safe to say it was noticeable."

"Anyhow," resumed Brown, after another long sigh and a woe-begone glare into the fire, "she seemed to be able to put up with my company. I may not be so clever as some other fellows, but at any rate I'm not fast."

"No, no one could fairly charge you with that, Brown," assented Smith.

"Miss Troop told me one day that there was nothing she hated so much as a fast man—"

"It is no wonder she fell in love with you, then."

"I don't just see what you mean."

"It doesn't matter; the long and short of it is that you proposed and were accepted."

"Yes, I did, and it all happened last night, but—"

Here Brown stopped and could say nothing more. He swallowed down a great gulp or two and tried to speak, but his voice went off in a squeak.



Bugler Douglas P. Williams, Q.O.R.



Pte. A. McGregor, 15th Highlanders.



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John S. Campbell, R.R.C.I.



Pte. Wm. Travis, 10th Royal Grenadiers.

SOME TORONTO BOYS NOW AT THE FRONT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The six portraits here presented are of Toronto boys who are at the front in South Africa with the Canadian Contingent, but whose portraits were omitted in our colored flag picture, a second edition of which is now on sale everywhere at 10 cents a copy. We failed to secure the above portraits in time to have them included with the 128 portraits on the flag, and if any other Toronto boys have been omitted we shall be glad to secure the loan of photographs for a couple of days to make engravings similar to the six published to-day.

"Well, you are the most original lover I ever saw," remarked Smith, with deep interest.

"Shut up, Smith; let Brown go on, can't you?" said Jones, who saw Brown was in real distress. "What has happened, old man?" he asked, turning to Brown.

"Well, I went back to see Alice to-night, and was shown into the drawing-room. In a minute she came down. Almost before I could speak she said she was going to ask me to release her from her promise of the evening before; she was afraid she had mistaken her feelings, and a lot more like that. I couldn't hear half she said. The first thing I knew I was back in my room, and now I'm here, and I don't know what to do about it."

"Sudden change of part," observed Jones.

"There must be some reason," murmured Smith.

"I'm certain I didn't offend her," Brown went on, adding: "I never fell out with anybody all my life."

"I don't think you could," thought Smith. "Maybe that's what's the matter. I'll bet she's found him out, that he was a regular stick. I wonder how she discovered it?"

"Brown," said Smith aloud, "you didn't bother her with too many messages to-day, did you?"

"No, none at all, I was afraid of going to her."

"Then," reflected Smith, "it must have been before he left last night that the mischief was done. I wonder what he did, or perhaps didn't do? Dollars to doughnuts it was the latter!"

"I say, Brown, after you had proposed, offered her your hand and that sort of thing, you know, and she had accepted, what did you do?—you weren't too—sweet—on her, were you—didn't overdo the—I mean the affectionate and sentimental part, did you?"

"No," replied Brown eagerly, "I was awfully careful about that. We were on the sofa, and after she accepted me, I just sat quietly by her side. I felt awfully awkward, and couldn't think of anything suitable to say, so by-and-by thought I had better go, and I said good-night."

"And that was all? You—you didn't do anything else?" asked Smith with a break in his voice.

"No, I just sat beside her with my hands in my pockets, and since I couldn't think of anything to talk about, said after a while that I had better be going now. I knew she would respect me all the more for leaving out the vulgar—what you call the affectionate part, and then when I went back to-night—"

At this point Smith could hold back no longer. He burst out into a laugh, mad, uncontrollable, rib-stretching.

In a moment it all dawned on Jones, and in spite of himself he broke down and laughed too.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Brown.

"Well, at any rate, you're not fast," gasped Smith. W. A. R. KERR, '99.

The Uprising of Bro. Gadd.

THE way of the man who holds unpopular opinions is often a hard one. In a large center of population like Toronto it is possible for one to run counter to public opinion without attracting much personal attention, because any one person is after all of very little consequence among so many. Besides, in Toronto we have grown accustomed to freckish opinion. There is perhaps no item of belief or fact of knowledge that is not challenged by some one in this city. We have here men professing nearly every known creed; and men also rejecting nearly every known creed. We have men who pay ten cents each night at St. George's Hall to interview the spirits of their grandparents; and we have men who will take the platform any night and maintain that the earth is flat and not round. There are men in Toronto who argue that the war against the Boers was unjustified. In its origin, arising from the greed of speculators in the mineral wealth of the Transvaal. These persons are tolerated in Toronto. It is recognized that in public opinion there must be shades, colors and deep shadows, just as there are in landscapes.

Far from the madding crowd, in the village of Elmvalle, Ont., the editor of the *Chronicle*, Bro. Gadd, is finding out that it is a very unpleasant thing to run counter to public opinion in a small center of population. Bro. Gadd, in his paper, denounces the war in South Africa as unholy and inspired by greed for the gold, diamonds and territory of the Boers. To stick to this ground even after war is declared, requires either courage or perversity of a rare order. The nature and extent of the feeling aroused against Bro. Gadd may be surmised from the following, which is reproduced from his paper:

One of the smartest and brightest little fellows in this village, aged four years, yelled across the street on Tuesday and asked the editor of the *Chronicle*,

"Say, Mr. G., do you like the British? When he got 'yes' for an answer he was nonplussed. The editor of this paper then crossed the street and took the little tot in his arms and explained, briefly. First, the little man says: 'Say, do you know what my father 'hears' in the *Chronicle*?' Upon replying in the negative the little fellow proceeded: 'He hears in the paper that you don't like it because the British are killing the Boers. Father says that, the Boers are on English land and that the English are willing to favor the Boers, but the Boers are not satisfied unless the English pay all the taxes,' etc. How my heart aches for the little boys who are in search of truth. Here is a little man who is taught to believe that the Boer is the aggressor, and that the British are on their own soil and protecting themselves from the encroachment of the Boers, a supposed savage race who has been hurled upon the British. Why is not this boy taught that 'Boer' stands for 'farmer' and that the British are after gold and diamonds, or rather that the unscrupulous speculators, capitalists and aristocrats of England, Germany and America are after the almighty dollar?"

In reply to this the *Coldwater Planet* suggests that Bro. Gadd knows little about the Boer cause or the geography of South Africa, the fact being that the Boers are invaders of British territory. To this Bro. Gadd will doubtless respond that he is not talking of a merely local and temporary situation, but of the whole war as a thing moving from its inception to its inevitable conclusion.

For a man in a little place like Elmvalle to plant his feet in the earth and brace his shoulders against the public opinion of an Empire, argues, as I have said, a high order of courage or of perversity. To resist in his own community the enthusiasm produced by war, to invite to himself the resentment occasioned by news of Boer successes which otherwise could spend itself against no local person or object, is a course of conduct on the part of a country editor sufficiently unusual to be interesting.

It may be pointed out that Mr. Massingham of the *London Daily Chronicle*, who advocated the Boer cause until hostilities began, resigned his position when he found his countrymen actually committed to war with the Boers. He used his influence—he spent it all—to prevent war, and failing in that he dropped out of sight. Henry Labouchere, the brilliant editor of *London Truth*, kept up an attack for three years or more upon Rhodes and all those operating in South Africa, charging them with designs upon the Transvaal. No man championed the Boers more resolutely than he, yet when once war began he stated publicly that he thought the duty of all was to join and push the war to a speedy and successful conclusion—this, in the interests of human life. It has always been a question with earnest men what their action should be in case of a war of which they did not approve, but always they have deemed it wise to cease discussion, it being not desirable to create internal dissension that would prolong the war and increase bloodshed. W. T. Stead is the one well known Englishman who continues to denounce the war, but he is a very erratic man. He loves to interrupt whatever play is going on before the public by thrusting himself into the center of the stage.

Bro. Gadd of Elmvalle has either brains or indigestion. Lest it be brains, we should be slow to denounce him, for editors who have ideas that they are prepared to express, even though the doing of it will cause the loss of subscribers, of job-work and of advertising, are very rare indeed in this country. Canada needs editors who will write what they think, not echo the opinions they have read in other papers and print the platitudes that will be likely to please their next-door neighbors. Bro. Gadd may be indiscreet, but we have too many editors who are discreet to the degree that they will not risk the price of a meal in order to say a necessary thing in their papers. These papers become mirrors of the opinions of their political and business clients—nothing more. Bro. Gadd may be foolish, but we have too many editors who are so penny-wise that their printing-presses exert about as much influence as fanning-mills. Bro. Gadd may be wrong, but we have too many editors who are so slavish that they dare not be anything, and their printing shops are like bush-

covered hill-sides that echo back whatever sounds come floating to them on the winds.

With the position that Bro. Gadd has taken on this question I have no sympathy at all, but he has thrust himself out of the commonplace by venturing to say what he thinks in a community that probably gets its opinions by mail, and its peaches by freight, from distant districts where these things profess to grow naturally. "Be careful, Mr. Gadd, or you will be arrested for a traitor," says the *Coldwater Planet*, and I hope he will just be careful enough to avoid that, but no more. If he is not cast into a dungeon some day we may find the country papers expressing their own opinions in politics without regard to party organs and party heeled who distort public acts and facts for their own profit and advancement. In this work the country editor at present bears a ready and a more powerful hand than he knows, without even a thief's incentive, hope of plunder, Hall, then, to Bro. Gadd! whether he be madman, traitor, or honest reasoner, for he has the sand to say the unpopular and unprofitable thing in a place so small that even four-year-old children know him—a place so hostile that these babes rebuke him on the highway.

MACK.

The Conqueror.

I. Fortune found him, wrapped around him

Polished fashion's galling chain,

Wiled, to try him, smiled, to buy him

With a shower of golden rain:

Yet he sent an arrow winging

To my heart—ah me, the smart!

Then my soul first heard him singing

"Love and freedom never part—"

"Social shackles shivering fall,

"Love is Master over all!"

II. Fact assailed him, seized and haled him,

To the law, to keep him safe,

Scolded, to shame him, lied, to blame him,

Made his gentle spirit chafe.

Yet he made a shift at flinging

Through my heart a barbed dart,

And my soul still heard him singing

"Love and freedom never part,

"Fact and force can ne'er enthral

"Love, the Master over all!"

III. Flesh forsook him, Death o'ertook him,

Hidden ages claimed their prey,

Years delayed him, fears dismayed him

"Never more!" the echoes say:

Yet he keeps fond memory clinging

Round my heart—the tear-drops start

When my soul still hears him singing

"Love and freedom never part,

"Far beyond Death's gloomy pall

"Love is Master over all!"

IV. Faith held to him—trusted, knew him,

Fortune, Fact, Flesh, Death, Time, Fear

Did but test him, child, but blessed him,

Crowned him King of Far and Near.

Yet he keeps Hope's joy-bells ringing

In my heart, and Faith's true chart

Guides my soul to where he's singing

"Love and freedom never part,

"Faithful wait, until he call

"Love, the Master over all!"

FREDERICK L. H. SIMS.

Weston, Ont., Dec., '99.

Forrest's Humor.

ONE of the fiercest and most determined fighters in the Civil War was Gen. N. B. Forrest, commanding the Confederate cavalry. His name was a redoubtable one and few of his opponents were aware of a humorous side of his disposition, familiar to his friends. For many years (says *Youth's Companion*) the general loved to tell the story of an incident which occurred near Cowan's station.

The few troopers he had with him were being hotly pursued by the Federals, and the general was galloping along at top speed. A fiery Southern dame happened to be standing by the roadside, and when she saw the flying Confederate officer her indignation boiled over. Shaking her fist in scorn, she screamed:

"Why don't you turn and fight, you cowardly rascal! If old Forrest were here he'd make you fight!"

Fortunately the general's horse soon carried him out of range.

Forrest's biographer relates that once at a dinner-party, where he had been in-

vited as the guest of honor, there was a loquacious widow, with hair of raven black, who rudely interrupted the conversation by asking General Forrest why it was that his beard was still black, while his hair was turning gray.

With great politeness Forrest turned toward her. "I fear I cannot give you a satisfactory answer," said he, "unless, possibly, the reason is that I have used my brain a little more than I have my jaw."

In the midst of one of his campaigns a captured Federal chaplain was brought to his headquarters. The man showed the deepest anxiety and depression, for stories of General Forrest's severity were rife in the Union camp. A little later supper was announced, and Forrest, to the chaplain's surprise, invited him to share it; but his surprise grew to amazement when the general turned to him reverentially and said:

"Parson, will you please ask the blessing?"

The next morning Forrest courteously gave him an escort through the Confederate lines, for he wished no non-combatants for prisoners, and bade him good-by with the remark:

"Parson, I would keep you here to preach for me, if you weren't needed so much more by the sinners on the other side."

Life in a London Residential Club.

IT is in the hope of seeing a similar institution organized in Toronto that I am about to give a brief account of life in a residential club in London. About three years ago,

that is, in 1896 or '97, I was leading a lonely life at a small private hotel in Guildford street. Anyone who has experienced what loneliness in a crowd means can sympathize with me. I had few friends in London, and for days together seldom spoke to a soul except in the way of business. It was at this time that one of my hotel acquaintances told me about the Hampden Club and offered to give me a letter of introduction to the secretary, which offer I eagerly accepted. Armed with my introduction I went, that evening, to the Club, and asked for the secretary. After waiting some time a gentleman came to me and said that the secretary regretted that he could not come to me just then, as he was presiding, as master, at the Masonic Lodge in the building.

"If that is the case," said I, "it is easily arranged. He cannot come to me, but I can go to him," and having satisfied the messenger, who had come from the lodge, that this was indeed true, I went. That was my introduction to the Hampden Club, and I don't think I could have desired a better. And now, a word as to the club and its object: perhaps I cannot do better than to quote from the prospectus:

OBJECT.—"The object of the Hampden Residential Club is to provide at a moderate cost the advantages of a comfortable home combined with those of a club for gentlemen engaged as students or in banks, public offices or professional or commercial pursuits. The club, which is purely social, without special political or other bias, is under the control of a committee of management appointed by the Proprietary, which meets regularly for the general business of the club and for the election of members. Notice of the name and other particulars of all nominated candidates is placed in some conspicuous part of the club for at least four days before election." There are about two hundred bed-rooms, with numerous baths, etc. There are dining-rooms (in which a meal may be obtained at any time), reception-rooms, smoking-rooms, card rooms, rooms for games such as chess, draughts, etc.; one of the best billiard-rooms in London, a fine gymnasium, which is also used as a ball-room, an asphalt tennis-court, and, as I said above, a Masonic lodge. Members may be either residential or non-residential. The subscription, the golden key which opens the door to all these privileges, is about \$5 a year, or \$1.50 a quarter if paid quarterly. A man may live here, including his board, light, heat and attendance, for \$5 a week, or as much more as he chooses to pay. A glance at the following tariff will show how this may be done.

Breakfasts, etc.

Tea, coffee or cocoa, per pot, 3d

Roll and butter, per cup, 3d

Jam or marmalade, 3d

Porridge, 3d

Rasher of bacon, 3d and 3d

Sausage, 3d

Ham, 3d

Eggs, each, 3d

Chop, 3d

Steak, 3d

Herring, 3d

For luncheon or dinner you may have:

Soup, 4d

Fish, 4d

Entrées, 8d and 10d

Joint, 8d

Poultry, 1s

Steak, 1s

Cold joints, 6d and 8d

course wines, beer, spirits, cigars

and tobaccos may also be obtained at the usual rates, and I may add that the man who indulges too freely in the former

stands in danger of losing his membership. Breakfast is served from 7.30 to 10.30. Lunch from 1 to 2.30. Dinner (*a la carte*) at 6 p.m. And a well supplied buffet enables anyone, at a minute's notice, to have a meal at any time during the day.

The postal arrangements of the club are excellent, letters being forwarded to any address in Great Britain or on the Continent. I might also add to any part of the world.

The Hampden Club was named after Viscount Hampden, the first president. It occupies nearly half a block, the front being on Phoenix street and the rear on Hampden street. Once inside the club, shut off from the roar and turmoil of the London streets, you are at home. The smoking-room, in which burn two bright open fires, is luxuriously fitted up; and scattered about you will find all the daily papers, weeklies and magazines. There is also a whist club, and a debating society. A curious incident occurred to me the first night I spent at the club. Two or three gentlemen near me in the smoking-room were talking about a part of Virginia which I know very well, and I was able to supply some information which one of them needed. This led to an acquaintance and I discovered that the gentleman from Virginia was an old friend of several members of my own family, the friendship having been contracted during my long absence in Canada. Speaking of Canada, one of the oldest members of the club is a Canadian, a doctor hailing from Whitby. But one meets there people from all parts of the world and of all nationalities. I have taken a meal in company with a Russian and a German. I have never met a negro or a Chinaman there, but I know of no rule to exclude them, provided, of course, that they could produce the needful references, and knew how to behave themselves as gentlemen. That is the test. There are probably no rich men in the Club, but a man must be a gentleman, if not by birth at least in conduct.

That is one reason why a club of this kind would be a boon to the young men of Toronto. Young fellows, living by themselves or in boarding-houses, are apt to grow careless, even rowdy; but in a well regulated club, with a high standard of conduct and manners and certain necessary rules to observe, men are likely to gain and preserve self-respect. They grow proud of their club, and an *esprit de corps* springs up, which prevents them from disgracing it. A club of this kind would also be largely patronized by country visitors if the non-residential membership was allowed. Most people know the misery of a few days spent at an hotel, with nowhere in particular to go, nothing in particular to do and nobody to speak to. There is a splendid building ready to hand, the Athletic club, and it is to be hoped that some enterprising capitalist or company will take the matter up, and that before the end of 1900 Toronto may have a first-rate residential club.

SPARHAM SHELDRAKE.

Tragedy.

I read the news with an eye that's keen,
In spite of the constant jar,
My eyes are glued to the printed screen
As I sit in the crowded car.

I seem to read, yet I must confess
It's only an awkward sham.
Over my knee is the swish of a dress,
What a hypocrite I am!

I might have stood when she first came in,
But it's now too late, I know.
Besides, she may be ugly as sin:
So I read, as we onward go.

I read the news, but over the page
There's someone looking at me,
With a look of fierce and mingled rage,
And I gaze aloft. 'Tis she!

To think (oh, my luck is hard to beat!)
In that one eddy and whirl
In the human stream I should keep my seat
From the mother of my best girl

TRANSPORTATION—RAIL AND WATER.

NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

New York, Southampton (London), Bremen
Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Thursday, Jan. 4, 10 a.m.
Friedrich, Friday, Jan. 16, 10 a.m.
Ludwig, Saturday, Jan. 23, 10 a.m.

New York—Bremen
H. H. Meier, Saturday, Jan. 6, 10 a.m.
Darmstadt, Thursday, Jan. 11, 10 a.m.

MEDITERRANEAN NORTH GER. LLOYD

HAMBURG AM. LINES

Lv. New York. Ar. Gibraltar. Naples. Genoa.
F. Bismarck, Jan. 3, Jan. 12, Jan. 21, Jan. 30
Columbia, Jan. 9, Jan. 18, Jan. 27, Jan. 36
Kaiser Wm. II, Jan. 16, Jan. 25, Feb. 3, Feb. 12

Werra, Feb. 3, Feb. 12, Feb. 21, Feb. 28
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Tava, Feb. 17, Feb. 26, Mar. 5, Mar. 14
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prayers of the congregation for Lucy Grey. He did so. They prayed three Sundays for Lucy Grey. On the fourth the clerk told the curate he need not do it any more. "Why," said the curate, "is she dead?" "No," said the clerk, "she's won the steeple-chase." The curate became quite a power in the parish.

Several members of the Scottish Reserve, before leaving for the Cape, were entertained at a farewell supper by their fellow-workers in Dundee. "Now, boys," said the chairman, after an appropriate speech, "treat what is on the table as you would the Boers." As the feast ended one of the reservists was observed stowing away a bottle of whisky in his pocket. "What's that you're dainin', Tam?" shouted the chairman good-humoredly. "Oh," replied Tam, "I'm only obeyin' orders. Ye tell us to treat the supper as we would the Boers, and, ye ken, what we dinna kill we tak' prisoners."

Dr. ——— had a valuable cow, which became sick and seemed likely to die. After enquiry of his servants he sent for Jimmy Lafferty, who, they said, "could cure any cow in the wurruld." The cow doctor accordingly came, drenched and physicked the animal for four or five days, in the lapse of which time he waited on the doctor and pronounced her cured. The doctor, greatly delighted, put his hand to his pocketbook. "Well, Lafferty, what do I owe you?" "Owe me!" replied Jimmy, drawing himself up with great dignity, "sorra the penny! We doctors niver take money of one another."

The Rev. Frank Gansauls, the popular Chicago preacher, when a poor circuit-rider, at one time found himself in possession of a sorry-looking steed, but it answered the purpose, and it was cheap. After he had bought it, he rode it home. His father was in the barn-yard when he came in, and he looked critically at the animal. "Where did ye git that boss, Frank?" he asked. "I bought him cheap, father," said the young preacher. "He's a sorry lookin' critter, I must say," said the father. "Well, father," said Frank, "you remember that our Saviour rode into Jerusalem on a worse-looking animal than this." And the old man looked at the horse again and said, "Durned if I don't think it's the same one!"

In his new book, *America To-day*, William Archer reproduces the following as examples of American humor: "On board one of the Florida steamboats, which have to be built with exceedingly light draught to get over the frequent shallows of the rivers, an Englishman accosted the captain with the remark, 'I understand, captain, that you think nothing of steaming across a meadow where there's been a heavy fall of dew.' 'Well, I don't know about that,' replied the captain, 'but it's true we have sometimes to send a man ahead with a watering-pot.' Again, a Southern colonel was conducted to the theater to see Salvini's Othello. He witnessed the performance gravely, and remarked at the close, 'That was a mighty good show, and I don't see but the con did as well as any of 'em.' A third anecdote that charmed me was that of the man who, being invited to take a drink, replied, 'No, no, I solemnly promised my dear, dead mother never to touch a drop; besides, boys, it's too early in the morning; besides, I've just had one.'"

Peace After War—But Good-Will Alway.

An Old-Fashioned Girl I Know.

THE season of peace and goodwill has come upon us, when our eyes are strained and our hearts wrung for what is to us the most personal war of the past six decades. Our little rebellion of '65, our Fenian scare of '66, seem like flashes in the pan when we think of them in the red glare from South Africa. And the scream of the shell, and the spit of the bullet, and the roar of the cannon, are what we hear instead of the song of the messengers who came to tell of the birth of Mary's Son. It seems almost an insincerity to tell the weans of the Peace and Goodwill of Christmas, while the newsboys are shrieking the tale of battle and disaster in our streets. It seems impossible to put on Christmas faces and get that line out of our foreheads and that sad droop off our mouths, while the proclamations for days of supplication are being sent broadcast over the Empire—the red Empire, which takes on its new coloring, even on our postage stamps, suggesting things undreamed of when those stamps were issued. One thinks of Swinburne's vivid lines in *Ave Imperatrix* when he says:

England, with bare and bloody feet,
Climbs the steep path of blood Empire!

One thinks of the stark, quiet things heaped upon the midnight velvet, of the startled souls flying up to God, of the shadow lengthening across the seas and shrouding thousands of homes, while Christmas bells ring without meaning, and Christmas anthems melt in bitter brine of tears. The strongest among us, who think as we please, must give up our thoughts this Christmas time when the brotherhood is rent, and the ways of our own people go along the dark shore of a river red with our people's blood.

And when one has thought it all out and shrunk and raged and pitied and agonized, one sits wearied and lo! the Christ-child stands as of old, the radiance on His brow and the love in His eyes, and the tenderness on His smiling lips. And old people are again won by His steadfast omnipotence, and young ones take heart and try to pluck up courage and hope again, and little children and all together creep closer to His feet; souls clustering near, in their time of sorrow and desolation, to the Thing that endures. For Love is greater than Hate, and Peace is the end of your pain, my people, says the smiling, unalterable, wonderful little Christ-child!

The old Irishman has gone out to the rescue! One gets news quickly, vividly, these days, and contrasts are strong. In one column one reads of the obstinate valor and faithfulness of the young soldier son—and his death in a halo of glory, the V.C. within reach of his still, white hand. In the next, the summons of the old warrior father, little "Bobs" whom we all adore, to pick up the reins of the horses of war and drive them to victory. Lord Roberts owes the Boers one now. Watch him, and see how he will pay it! At sixty-seven a man has a right to take his ease; well, fighting is an Irish way of doing so. With "Bobs" in sight each Tommy Atkins counts for three. He has their hearts, and there are so many of them Irish, so many who can say to bursting shells, "Ach! go to blazes!" as we are told a Dublin Fusilier did at Glencoe. That was the best yarn of the war, worth a dozen sermons on heroism, and whether it was a straight one or no matters little. As the story teller said to the Mandarin in the play, "If it never happened it certainly should have happened," and continued his fiction.

The other day I met an old-fashioned girl! Please don't laugh, for I want her to impress you as she did me. This girl played golf, but she learned it in Scotland with her father and brothers fifteen years ago. Her attitude to golf was of surprised tolerance when she fell into the company of a golfing party who were talking very loudly and fast of their trophy competition. "How enthusiastic they are," said the old-fashioned girl. "Do they always talk so much about golf?" A polite sympathy distinguished her attitude, though I know she was not only surprised but a bit disapproving. (The golfing craze has its drawbacks.) The old-fashioned girl once quoted her mother as an authority. I was amazed. Mothers are so rare these days as persons of importance! She had a diary, which she did not keep locked. It's a reference-book for anyone in the family who wants a date confirmed. She looks after the household, and manages the shopping and providing for it. One of her brothers is at the Cape, and she has a special prayer for his welfare every morning and evening. She is knitting socks for the children of a charity, and she pours tea for her father and mother every afternoon at five. She has just sent away a hamper to a small boy friend who is obliged to spend his Christmas holidays at college, being quarantined from home with whooping-cough. Do you know her? If you do, doesn't she give you a rested and happy sort of feeling, after you've been pounced upon and jabbered at and questioned and chaffed and flattered by a score of butterfly beauties who would rather be dead than old-fashioned? "Dear Lady Gay, isn't she queer some way?" said one of these, in speaking of her. "Are they all like that in the Old Country?" Well, down in the dear country towns and great, quiet manor houses, and sometimes in the quaint little parsonages, there are such old-fashioned girls, who, indeed, would be angels if they had any imagination. The butterfly girls are three-quarters imagination and the other quarter ambition, are they not? Small wonder they are chilled by the old-fashioned girl. To return to first statements, I wanted her to impress you, as she did me, as a good one to know when things were not all rose-color.

LADY GAY.

A Youthful Diplomat.

UNITED STATES SENATOR JOHN C. SPOONER of Wisconsin has ideas of domestic discipline as well as foreign relations. Several years ago his young son, aged six, importuned him for money, after the manner of small boys. "What do you want to do with it?" asked his father. "Oh, nothing," responded the boy indefinitely. "You have plenty of spending money, and I buy everything you need or ought to want. Unless there is some special reason, I can't let you have it. There isn't any reason, is there?" "Not exactly, but I want it. You know how it is, papa; you were a little boy once."

This appeal failed to move the Senator's heart, and a silence followed that lasted an hour or more. During this time the father read and the son thought. At length he said:

"Papa," "Yes, my son," "Suppose I was to meet a highwayman on a lonely street late at night," "Yes, my son," "And suppose he should pull out a pistol and say, 'Little boy! Your money or your life! What could I do?'"

Ten minutes later the Senator's son was whistling to his chum outside his chum's window, with a new silver half-dollar in his pocket.—E.E.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

OLIVE.—I. Your little summer letter seemed quite pleasant reading this snowy day. I wish I might pass a fortnight in that pleasant place you write about. Perhaps, next summer, for I there ten years ago; besides, Dreyfus, you know, has happened since then. 2. Your writing shows a placid and even disposition, pleasant temper, appreciation of beauty, hopefulness, practical thoughts and actions, care and order. It is a reliable and conscientious hand, but young.

BROCK.—What grudge had that person against a spider? The writing is susceptible, markedly decided, with good sequence of ideas and force of expression. Writer is not very original. Caution is very evident; some tenacity, perseverance, hope and a touch of humor are shown. Writer is forceful, and has a strong vitality, but does not waste his

strength. Some ambition and a few lines that mean success are shown.

BLACK DOUGLAS.—You only say more than your prayers, my good Scottie, but you are a busy, enterprising and independent thinker; fond of an argument, bright and hopeful, careless over details, and apt to think you know it all. You don't trust anyone, and have an eye to the main chance. By the way, when you use Latin words, get 'em right, for goodness sake. I think you can be a bit cranky sometimes.

WON-ONE.—I was not at Sandfield that day; was aquatically sporting on the broad Atlantic. No, I have never been at Preston Springs. Hope to go there next year if my rheumatism gets bad enough. 2. Your writing shows a lot of vivid and erratic impulse, much energy, and some inconstancy. You need repose and consistency, and have discretion amounting to caution; you are set in your own beliefs and ways and may easily become obstinate. It is a strong, almost perverse, handwriting.

C. W. S. (WESTWARD HO!)—You did not give me a *nom de plume*, so

A Wise Women's Movement.

HE burning question of the hour for women to-day is domestic science, which is demanding thoughtful attention of all who are interested in the home, the school or the industrial conditions of women. The care of the family has been entrusted to woman, and she is awakening to the conviction that the responsibility laid upon her demands the most careful training.

If motherhood is her highest vocation she should receive as thorough an education for her profession as a nurse or a doctor.

The path to dignity and respect for woman's work lies through education. The struggle which woman fought to gain equal opportunities with men for culture and education, has opened her eyes to see that in the sacred kingdom of her home she has scope for all the knowledge and

ability she can bring to bear upon it. She is demanding not only for herself, but for all women, the fullest education in all matters pertaining to the fireside.

Domestic science ought to be the study of intelligent, thoughtful women. Unfortunately, our cooking schools are too often regarded as training schools for servants, while the mistress sits at home in calm content that she knows how to keep house, priding herself that experience has taught her. It little matters that she has not the very first inkling of the human body, nor how the juices act upon food; that germs and bacteria are mere words to her, conveying no idea that yeast germs, if not properly cooked, go on expanding and multiplying in the stomach, causing indigestion. She does not know the nutritive property of a single food she uses. If her child is ill, she takes him to the doctor to have him supply, through drugs, the property the child should receive through food. If he dies, she counts it a dispensation of Providence, and submissively bows to the Divine will, when she should have blamed her own ignorance. She undertakes the care of a helpless child with less knowledge of the food required to build up his body, than a farmer has of the food necessary for his

stock. She lavishes sentiment on her child; the farmer would tell her that he finds his cattle thrive better on less sentiment and more knowledge of conditions favorable to them. Surely it is a truism that love and good intentions do not form an adequate substitute for knowledge. Every woman ought to know, not only what foods are good for the body, that cleanliness and ventilation are necessary for health, but why such measures are desirable. What is she but a slave who follows blindly another's directions with no knowledge of underlying principles? The social necessity for domestic science may be summarized in the beneficial effect that scientific knowledge would have on the health of the family.

The industrial phase is almost as far-reaching in its influence. A large proportion of women, either as homemakers or servants, are obliged to spend their lives in the industries of the home. We all know with what lack of respect we regard unskilled labor; in all walks of life it is the lowest labor, commanding the least respect and corresponding less pay. It is unskilled labor that feels all the various changes in the labor market because it is the dumping-ground for all the poor workers in other trades. To put housework on the basis of skilled labor is to remove it from the exigencies of the labor market; in becoming skilled it gains dignity, and makes possible the next step, that it shall be specialized. Woman's work will never receive the proper respect nor proper remuneration until it is both skilled and specialized. The market for houseworkers is the one market where the demand for labor is greater than the supply. It is no use for us to expend sentiment and elaborate arguments on the desirability of domestic service, and the blindness of women in choosing factory work. Our sentiment will not turn the tide of self-respecting women from work on which they stand on a purely economic footing, to a life where economics and social considerations are sadly mixed. We must follow the trend and put our housework on a solid economic basis which will entail leadership on the part of intelligent women. Statistics prove that when you compute the board and wages of house servants they are better paid than any other class of women workers, but this fact does not attract an increasing number of women. So long as the demand is greater than the supply, we cannot demand trained service; women are not going to expend time and money for a training which will not increase their wages. The first solution of our problem will lie in attracting intelligent women to take the training in domestic science, and then letting them find situations in institutions where their relation will be purely an economic one, and the untrained laborer hitherto employed there will turn to housework. This step of employing trained domestic workers in institutions is of the utmost importance to all women workers. There is scarcely any branch of woman's work which is not underpaid; if we can remove the pressure on certain trades by attracting workers into other avenues of employment and thus lessening the supply, it will tend to increase wages in the trades at present overcrowded.

The educational value of domestic science is of immediate interest because so many of our schools are contemplating placing it on the curriculum. We all deplore the fact that our present system of education develops the brain but does not develop the faculties, that children come out of school with no idea of how to use the knowledge they have gained. My object to-day is to plead for the attention of college women. Domestic science will never occupy the position it should until our teachers have added to the thorough training of the scientific laboratory in the college course, the practical knowledge of cooking. If we are to place domestic science on the same footing as the other sciences, we must have the teachers trained in scientific accuracy, in thorough habits of study, and in general culture. The movement, in the United States, has received its strongest support from college women who have added years of practical experience to scientific training. Let us hope that similar leaders may arise in Canada. Women in the United States have spent time and money in scientific experiments laying the foundations for theoretical and practical domestic science that it would be utterly impossible for us, with our limited wealth, to do for ourselves in Canada. Early in January there is to be a meeting in the Normal School in Toronto to discuss the problem of how we can utilize their knowledge and experience. It will be addressed by Hon. Richard Harcourt, Mrs. Hoodless, and others. The phases of domestic science have simply been suggested in this article with the hope that every woman who is interested in any one of them will attend the meeting that we may bring judgment and intelligence to bear upon the problem of establishing domestic science on a firm foundation in our beloved Canada.

ALICE A. CHOWN.
Kingston, Dec., '99.

Evangelical Saint-Worship.

AN extraordinary development is making its appearance in the very bosom of Protestantism, according to *The Living Church* (Prot. Episc., November 4), which says that this phenomenon is nothing less than the practice of prayer to the saints—only the saints "are not the apostles and martyrs, or the heroes of faith whom the church has placed in her calendar," but the departed friends of the devotees. It says: "Dr. George Adam Smith, in his 'Life of Henry Drummond,' mentions as a fact within his knowledge that certain persons habitually address prayers to Henry Drummond. Dr. Joseph Parker, of the City Temple, London (not the Temple Church), a doughty adversary of 'Popery and Prelacy,' has openly declared that he prayed to his departed wife every day. He said that he never came to the City

Temple to preach without asking her to come with him, and, furthermore, he knew that she did come. Nor does he hold this as a mere sentiment applicable only to his own individual case, but alluding to a friend who had lost his wife, he says: 'I encourage my friend to pray to his wife, and to pray to God to ask her to come to his help. She will be more to him than twelve legions of unknown angels.' Dr. Parker evidently has no use for the 'ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation.' Well may the Protestant paper from which we culled these instances say: 'All this is simply petrifying!' It mentions a Roman litany to the saints, and asks: 'Is this what we are going to come to in our Protestant churches?'

This and That.



AVE you ever observed how any trait of character peculiar to a nation may be traced through the various phases of the national life? For example; the English are always regarded as conservative in matters of business, never carried away by excitement; slow to adopt any new ideas or make new friends, and somewhat deliberate in seeing the point of a joke. The French, on the other hand, are impetuous in speech, rapid in their movements and gestures, and prepared on the least provocation to name their weapons. Their very physique is an index to this state of nervous unrest which is a characteristic of their existence. But the enthusiasm of the United States is as unique as it is pronounced. It matters little what the occasion is, this enthusiasm is always in evidence. After a so-called naval achievement the "hero" is driven to the verge of distraction by the maddening enthusiasm of the people, who spare neither time nor the country's money in giving expression to their feelings. When a boat race is finished and the result is flashed across the continent, it is all over but the shouting. Then on the occasion of a visit to the chamber of a dead colleague, we find the gentleman who holds the most exalted position in the gift of the people, followed by a thronging mob and exultantly cheered as he enters the house of mourning, and in this, the closing season of the year, it will have been observed that in the annual Thanksgiving which has just been celebrated, the proverbial turkey, with the regulation quantity of cranberry sauce, has been enthusiastically disposed of in all parts of the republic, from the newly acquired Island of Cuba in the Atlantic to the process-of-being possessed Philippines in the Pacific.

What is there about the comic opera of the present day, or rather what is there not about it that leaves it comic in name only? The present construction of such operas is probably on lines dictated by popular taste and differs materially from such productions even in the earlier years of the Gilbert and Sullivan era. In those days there was a thread to the story, at least strong enough to hold the two or three acts together, and involving some laughable situations and witty repartee. We were also treated with some "taking" melodies and pretty little bits of unaccompanied choral or part singing, but the comic opera of to-day, in a general way, lacks all these elements. The plot requires no corroborative evidence to prove an *alibi*; the comic features are usually undertaken by a red-headed Dutchman (for whose presence there is no reasonable excuse) and another fellow, and the music once heard is as quickly forgotten. The whole production has been reduced to a spectacular display of the Amazonian variety, with its tableaux and marches, and as such, of course, it makes a very pretty picture. But it is not comic opera.

It is, perhaps, not generally known that the residence of the late Harriet Beecher Stowe, the famous author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, is in the city of Hartford, Conn. I was not aware of it myself until, taking a drive the other day in that city with a gentleman, it was pointed out to me. There is nothing particular in the fact that the house is there, nor is there anything particular about the house itself, which is built of brick. Mrs. Stowe had to live somewhere, and of course there are plenty of brick houses. But a certain amount of interest is lent to the fact when it is known that Mark Twain's residence is on the same street. Now, Mark has said a good many things that other people have said, but he said them differently, which largely accounts for his fame as a writer. He also built a house, the same as plenty of other men have done, but he built it differently. He put his kitchen (which is a separate building from the residence proper) on the lawn in front, and his main entrance is at the side. The location is a choice one. The rear portion of the lot is beautifully wooded with large forest trees and declines to a ravine, at the foot of which flows, among the trees and foliage, a limpid stream of clear water. But all the same Mark's "back" kitchen is on his "front" lawn.

Toronto, Dec., '99.

Grand Tour of Mexico.

On February 14, 1900, the Wabash Railroad Company will run a personally conducted and select party of fifty people for a grand thirty-day tour of Old Mexico. This will be by far the grandest and most comprehensive tour ever run by any railroad company in the world. This will be a chance of your life to see this grand old land of the Montezumas. All principal points of interest will be visited.

The train will be the finest ever seen in this country, consisting of dining, sleeping, observation and baggage cars built specially for this trip. The route will be over ten different railroads, covering 7,000 miles of travel. Full particulars with itinerary of this wonderful trip at Wabash Railroad office, north-east corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto. J. A. Richardson, district passenger agent.

Wife—Do you think Tommy disturbs our neighbor with his drum? Husband—

LABATT'S PORTER

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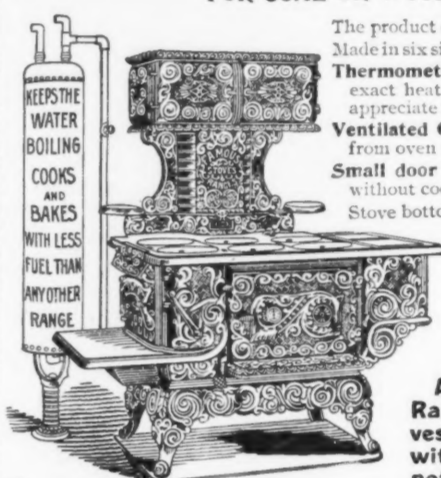
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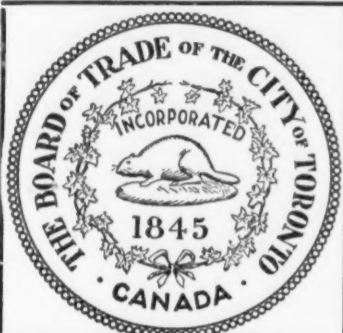
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Music.

MASSEY HALL was crowded by an immense audience on the night of the 14th inst., on the occasion of a popular-priced performance of the Messiah by the Toronto Festival Chorus and Orchestra under the direction of Mr. Torrington. The title of Festival Chorus is very vague in its meaning, and seems to be applied to whatever body of singers may happen, at a given time, to perform oratorio under Mr. Torrington's baton. The personnel of the chorus is ever changing, so that there is little individuality in the organization, if the word organization may be used. At this season of the year, a production of the Messiah is always welcome and appropriate in Christian communities, and there is little doubt that the religious significance of the work has had much to do with its continued popularity in Great Britain and her colonies. As the previous oratorio concerts were given in October, Mr. Torrington had only six weeks to prepare his chorus for the event under notice, and when it is considered that a large proportion of his singers were new members, it is a matter of surprise that the performance went as creditably and smoothly as it did. The quality of the voices was uniformly good in each of the four sections. The tenors were overweighed numerically, but as they did not appear to be at a disadvantage in the full choruses it is suspected that there were a large number among the soprano who must have been singing with exceeding mildness of spirit. While the massed voices produced an imposing volume of tone, there was a falling off in power and decision as compared with the performance at the preceding concerts. The principal choruses produced the usual striking effect, and nearly all of them were applauded in a very appreciative spirit. The soloists were Miss Eileen Millett and Miss Louise Craig, two of our most promising local vocalists, and Mme. Julie Wyman, contralto, Mr. R. Burton, tenor, and Dr. Merrill Hopkinson of Baltimore, bass. The two Toronto young ladies acquitted themselves in their difficult task of interpreting the solo soprano numbers, in a manner worthy of high praise. With clear, fresh and even voices of an engaging quality they could not fail to please, and they made a very favorable impression. Mrs. Wyman sang as artistically as usual, one of the most successful efforts of the evening being her rendering of He Was Despised. Mr. Burton, the tenor, was suffering from a cold, and making allowance for that drawback he gave a satisfactory interpretation of his music. Dr. Hopkinson, who occupies the peculiar position of being a member of both the dental and musical professions, on this his first appearance here won a decided success, the audience insisting upon a repetition of the brilliant and robust aria, Why do the Nations? He has an excellent voice and has evidently had much experience in oratorio work. One missed in his delivery that oratorical significance and just emphasis which distinguish the renderings of the recognized English oratorio singers. From a musical point of view, however, his conception was well carried out. Mr. Torrington conducted, Mr. Bayley led the orchestra, and Mrs. Blight officiated as organist, and when these names are mentioned it goes without saying that their respective departments were well served. I understand that Mr. Torrington will put Israel in Egypt into rehearsal immediately after Christmas.

Mr. Rafael Joseffy, than whom there is no more legitimate, delightful, or refined pianist before the public to-day, gave a recital in Massey Hall on Monday evening last before a thoroughly appreciative audience. He offered a very enjoyable programme, which included Mozart's Sonata in F, now rarely played in public, various short pieces by Chopin, Brahms, Schubert, Schumann, Henselt, and Rubinstein, and as a climax to the scheme Tchaikowski's Sonata in G major, (first time in Toronto). With the exception of the last named none of the compositions required a heightened degree of emotion in the interpretation. His playing once more revealed all those attributes for which it is acknowledged to be pre-eminent. Invariable beauty of tone throughout the whole compass of the instrument, evenness and flexibility of touch, perfection of legato, and unflinching accuracy of technique were all conspicuous in his performance. In the Tchaikowski Sonata, a work that abounds in contrast and pulsates with vivid feeling, he displayed more warmth of temperament than usual, even so well restrained an artist as he finding it, no doubt, impossible to resist the emotional sway of the music. The sonata decidedly made a deep impression for a first hearing. Whether it will stand the test of familiarity it would be hazardous to conjecture.

Mr. Frank S. Welsman's piano recital in Association Hall on Tuesday evening will do much to heighten the esteem in which the talented young artist is held by the musical community. There was a large gathering of music-lovers, and Mr. Welsman was given a most encouraging and gratifying reception. His selections included several numbers that make large demands upon the technical equipment of the player. Kulak's Octave study in E, always awkward in the matter of execution: Liszt's arduous Legende, No. 2, in which there is scarcely any cessation in the strain upon the endurance and "mechanique" of the soloist; and in a lighter and more discursive style, the Strauss-Schubert Fledermaus Walzer, were among his brilliant achievements. At every appearance Mr. Welsman shows that he is making new progress in his art. His technical powers are dominated by great conscientiousness of interpretation, while it is a most promising feature of his playing that he is constantly gaining in expressive force. He was assisted by Dr. Carl E. Duff, the well known baritone of New York, who, always a satisfactory and legitimate singer, delighted the audience

with his rendering of a group of Schumann songs, and four charming little English lyrics. He was encored after the Schumann Ich Grolle Nicht, and taking the demand literally, repeated it. Mr. Welsman, as his encore number, gave Sapelnikoff's taking Gavotte. Mrs. Blight accompanied the singer with her accustomed sympathy and efficiency.

In referring to Lisa Lehmann's setting of Tennyson's In Memoriam, sung on December 7 in New York by Mr. David Bispham, the Musical Age agrees with the opinion expressed in this column on the occasion of its introduction at Mr. Bispham's recital in Massey Hall. It says: "The new production opened well, but soon became decidedly tedious and labored. It is to be regretted that the novelty Mr. Bispham introduced as a prominent feature of his programme was not more worthy of the place accorded to it." I may add to the remarks already made on SATURDAY NIGHT that nevertheless Mr. Bispham is to be applauded for introducing the work. How are the public to know whether a composition by a composer of celebrity is interesting or not, unless some artist gives them an opportunity of hearing it?

The advanced piano pupils of Mr. A. S. Vogt gave a very fine programme of compositions for the instrument on Saturday afternoon last at Mr. Vogt's residence, Bloor street west. In every case the selections were rendered in a manner that proved the possession of musical gifts of a high order by the pupils, while also showing that they had been carefully trained. Not the least interesting feature of the recital was the explanation given by Mr. Vogt of each of the numbers. The programme, which was as follows, will afford evidence of the technical development of the pupils: Chopin, Etude in G sharp minor, Mrs. Harold Clark; Chopin, Funeral March, Miss Florence Woolverton; Mendelssohn, Andante and Rondo Capriccioso, Miss Eugenie Quehen; Liszt, The Two Larks, Miss Nora Shenton; St. Saens, Marche Heroique, for two pianos, Messrs. Leslie Hodgson and Ernest Cork; Chaminade, Autumn, Miss Hattie Eckhardt; Beethoven, First movement, Sonata, op. 57, Mr. Douglas H. Bertram; Schutt, Valse Lente and Chopin Valse in C sharp minor, Mr. Wilbur Grant; Chopin, Berceuse in D flat, Miss Ida Kerr; Grieg, Andante and Minuet from Sonata, op. 7, Miss Sara Bradley; Liszt, Rigoletto fantasia, Miss Alice M. Robinson; Wagner-Liszt, Liebestod, Miss Jessie Perry; Mendelssohn, Concerto in G minor, Miss Florence Brown. The orchestral part for the concerto was played on a second piano by Mr. Leslie Hodgson.

The season of opera in Chicago by the Metropolitan Opera House Company has been a failure, and the impresario, Mr. Grau says that in future Chicago will be put on his list in the same rank as the smaller cities of America. The receipts for the three weeks were, it seems, only \$100,000. The price for the best seats was \$3.50. In Toronto, it will be remembered, the same company charged \$5 for the orchestra chairs. Mr. Grau, however, was justified in reducing the price for Chicago, because he may have naturally argued that very large audiences would be the rule with so great a population to draw upon.

Miss Evelyn Ashton Fletcher of musical kindergarten fame expects to be in Toronto on January 2 and 3, and during her brief visit she will meet those who are desirous of taking her course for teachers which will be held next spring in this city. Sufficient notice being given to her local agent (see advertisement in another column), appointments for interviews can be arranged, and information concerning the course referred to can be obtained at any one of the leading institutions for musical instruction in Toronto.

Mr. Ernest du Domaine, violinist, has received an appointment on the staff of the Conservatory of Music, where his duties will commence at once. Mr. du Domaine is well equipped for his work, having enjoyed, in addition to a liberal education at the Brussels Conservatory of Music, the privilege of studying with such men as Cornelis and Ysaye. Mr. du Domaine's is a comparatively new name in Toronto musical circles, although some of our readers will remember his playing at the Armories at the Pianon concert of April, 1898, and in view of these facts his initial recital at an early date will be looked for with much interest.

Mr. George A. Fleming of New York, the well known baritone of Trinity church quartette, will appear at the Commercial Travelers' concert in Massey Hall on Wednesday, December 27. As Mr. Fleming's reputation is well known to our musical people he is certain to have a large audience.

Mr. George Macpherson, husband of Mme. Elsa Macpherson, piano virtuosa of this city, is in New York studying with Mr. McKinley, the celebrated tenor. Mr. Macpherson, whose voice was trained as a baritone by the late Pier Delasco, Signor Rubini and others, has been pronounced by all the noted New York masters who have heard him, "a pure tenor robust of great breadth and beauty." Mr. McKinley predicts great things for his gifted Canadian pupil.

The committee of the Toronto Male Chorus Club have completed arrangements for the Club's annual concert, which is fixed for February 15 next. The Club's concert was last year, undoubtedly, one of the most important musical events of the season, and judging from the arrangements already made it will be so again this season. The interest, of course, centers in the performance of the Club, which numerically is somewhat larger than last year. Among the selections are two or three that are particularly appropriate in view of the struggle in which Great Britain and the Empire are now engaged. Curiously enough, however,

these numbers were selected by Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, the conductor, many months ago and before any such struggle was anticipated. Notwithstanding that the Club's singing alone would be sufficient to attract a very large audience, the committee are to be commended for again giving Toronto people an opportunity to hear for the first time one of the world's greatest musical artists in the person of Alexandre Petschnikoff, the Russian violinist. Of Petschnikoff it may be said that he has had a most romantic career, and that he has a genius never surpassed, which has called forth from exacting German critics the statement that "he plays more like a god than a man," and has earned him the title of "the poet of the violin." With his every appearance in America his reputation has risen, until now in New York or elsewhere his appearance evokes an enthusiasm that is sometimes almost boisterous. His instrument is a celebrated and priceless "Stradivarius" presented to him by some of his friends and admirers. With Petschnikoff comes Mme. Lacharme, as accompanist and solo pianist. He is well known in America, and has already appeared before a Toronto audience. Everyone who attended the Club's last concert will be delighted to hear that Gwilym Miles, the famous Welsh baritone, who then sang so acceptably, has been also again engaged and will sing the baritone solos in a couple of the choir's numbers. Subscription lists are already in the hands of the members and we understand are rapidly filling up.

A pleasant society and musical function was the musical given by the Thursday Musical Club on Thursday evening of last week in the rooms of the Conservatory of Music. A choice programme was supplied by the following members of the faculty and pupils of the institution: The Misses Bessie Cowan, Mabel V. Thomson, Francisca Heinrich, Jessie Perry, Mrs. H. W. Parker, Mrs. Adamson, violin; Mr. Hahn, cello, and Mrs. Inez Nicholson-Cutler and Mr. Oscar Wenbourne.

The University College Ladies' Glee Club, under the direction of Mr. Hugh Kennedy, assisted by Mrs. Agnes Knox-Black, elocutionist, provided a very enjoyable entertainment in the theater of the Normal School on the evening of December 13. The young ladies highly pleased the audience by their contribution to the programme, singing several choruses in a very pleasing style. Solos were contributed by Miss Frances Dignan and Miss Florence Bell with great success. Mrs. Black gave a selection of readings in her most effective style, and the Varsity Banjo Club, under the direction of Mr. Smedley, won their invariable encore.

An Evening with Bach is the title given to the musical service which is to be held in St. James' square Presbyterian church early in January. As peculiarly appropriate to the season, Bach's great Christmas oratorio has been brought into requisition, and a choice selection of recitatives, arias and chorales is in course of preparation. The music for this Christmas festival is divided into six parts, which were originally intended for performance on six separate days. The first part begins with an outburst of jubilant song over the birth of Christ, and is followed by movements descriptive of His advent and extolling His greatness. The second part, introduced by Bach's famous Pastoral Symphony, reveals the shepherds keeping watch over their flocks by night, when suddenly the angel of the Lord appeared to them, and announcing the birth of Christ the Lord and giving them the sign whereby to know Him, urged them to make haste to greet Him. It is here that the Cradle Song (for the contralto voice) is introduced. This has been said to be "a piece of such exquisite beauty as has never been surpassed, if ever equaled even by the same master hand—a song addressed to the sleeping Christ, that seems in its soothing sweetness to sing away all possibility of trouble and to promise endless repose." The subsequent parts continue the narrative, telling of the visit of the shepherds, the coming of the wise men, their interview with Herod, their adoration of the Christ, and leading up to the concluding song of triumph over Sin and Death and Satan. It is in the fourth part that the soprano is given the charming air Ah! My Saviour, I Entreat Thee, in which with delicate skill and sympathetic effect an echoing voice is made to answer, now a "Yea" and then a "Nay," to the beseeching questions which are so persistently asked of the Saviour, and this voice is re-echoed by the accompaniment. The music throughout is expressively beautiful and admirably adapted to the situation and events it is designed to illustrate.

Miss M. Fidella Wilson, solo soprano of the First Baptist church, Ottawa city, has just completed a special course of vocal study under Mr. Rechab Tandy at the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Miss Wilson possesses a bright high soprano of excellent quality, and was heard while in Toronto on concert occasions and in church special musical services. She returns to her church and concert work at the Capital much improved vocally and with an extended repertoire as a result of her study with Mr. Tandy.

At Glen Mawr, Miss Veals' large and very attractive school, on the evening of December 8 a delightful programme was presented by a number of talented young ladies, including Misses Jessie Hale, Muriel Thomson, Julie Westbrook, Constance Chipman, Alice Christie, and Mary Hayes, pupils of Miss Williams, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Welsman and Mr. Tripp. Compositions by eminent musicians were intelligently and creditably interpreted. The works of Nevin, Tchaikowski, Mendelssohn, Lord Henry Somerset, Chaminade, Liszt, Grieg, Schumann, Bohm, Schumann-Paganini, Henry Parker, Chopin and Hollander served to gratify the representative audience present. Miss Veals is to be congratulated upon the

success of this her most recent musical soiree.

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Social and Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Colin Sewell are great acquisitions to society, and are being made much of by their old and new friends. On Tuesday a very pleasant luncheon was given in honor of Mrs. Sewell by Mrs. Falconbridge to a large party of ladies, at her residence in Isabella street.

The Countess of Minto has consented to be named honorary president of the National Council of Women, an honor which should always be borne by the first lady in Canada, if she is willing to accept it.

Mrs. Arkle of The Priory, Esther street, is spending the winter with her sister, Lady de Hochepleid Larpen, widow of Sir George de Hochepleid Larpen, who made many friends during visits to Toronto.

Mr. J. Strachan Johnston was the guest of honor at a jolly dinner at the Toronto Club on Saturday evening, which was a farewell, or rather *au revoir*, previous to his marriage, which took place on Wednesday.

The committee of the High Park Golf Club are arranging the annual dance, which will be held in St. George's Hall on January 11. Mr. Charles Evans Lewis is the secretary for this pleasant affair, which bids fair to outdo the very successful gathering of last season. The patronesses are: Mrs. G. Plunkett Magann, Mrs. Edward Leigh, Mrs. John Dick, Mrs. Alfred Wright, Mrs. A. E. W. Peterson, Mrs. George Gouinlock, Mrs. Neil McCrimmon, Mrs. S. Alfred Jones, Mrs. R. B. Hutchison, Mrs. Arnold Haultain, Mrs. G. G. S. Lindsey, and Mrs. J. S. Locke.

Local Attempts at Prison Reform.

THE Prisoners' Aid Association of Canada, with headquarters at 42 Queen street east, Toronto, has just issued its twenty-fifth annual report. Hon. S. H. Blake, Q.C., is honorary president, Mr. Hamilton Cassels is president, Dr. A. M. Rosebrugh is secretary, and supporting these are a lot of well known Toronto men who act as vice-presidents and special workers. Year in and year out the workers of this association continue their efforts to work some moral improvement in the character of the men and women who are imprisoned in the jails, prisons and reformatories, and in doing this work an acquaintance is made with prisoners that is taken advantage of at the time of their release. An agent of the society meets the discharged prisoner whenever possible, and seeks to start him off in the right direction by giving him food, a place of shelter, clothing, a railway ticket, or by finding him honest employment. This is practical work, and it is surprising that more of us do not take a personal interest in it. It may be presumed that our excuse is that we do not know where or how to begin. Here are some figures showing one branch of the society's work for the year ending September last, in Toronto:

Discharged from city prisons..... 1577
Discharged prisoners aided..... 565
Number of meals to discharged prisoners..... 4944
Number of night lodgings..... 1592
Number of articles of clothing..... 218
Railway fares paid for..... 4
Work found for..... 74
Provisions to families of prisoners..... 13
Tools provided for..... 1

Dr. Rosebrugh in his annual report just published says:

In the department of Prison Reform our efforts have been continued, and we are pleased to report that an Act was passed at the last session of the Dominion Parliament, which, although not all that we had hoped for, is nevertheless a step in the right direction. It is "An Act to provide for the Conditional Liberation of Penitentiary Convicts." What we aim at is the adoption of the Indeterminate Sentence and Parole system—known as the Elmira system—made applicable to all penal institutions.

In this connection it may be remarked that a recent despatch from Ottawa said that the Department of Justice finds that the Act referred to by Dr. Rosebrugh is not yet fully understood and taken advantage of, but that already eight prisoners have been released on tickets of leave and, removing to distant points, seen grateful for the opportunity to begin over again under the conditions imposed. Another thing that the society has urged upon the Ontario Government is the better classification of prisoners in the jails of the province and in the Central Prison. Referring to this the *Hamilton Herald* said editorially in a recent issue:

The Central Prison, the Mercer Reformatory and some of our county jails are schools of vice and crime instead of being, as they should be, reformatory institutions. Many young men and women, having yielded once to temptation and been sent down to these institutions for six months, were novices in crime and receptive to good influences when they began their term of imprisonment, but by evil association have come forth from prison morally poisoned and with their criminal tendencies fixed. It might almost be said that the terrible words "all hope abandon, ye who enter here" could be appropriately placed over the doors of these alleged "reformatory" institutions.

We do not see why the sensible plan which is adopted in the asylums for the insane should not be adopted in prisons. In asylums the hopelessly insane are isolated, as much as possible, from those inmates whose recovery to mental health is hoped for. There is even more reason why incorrigible criminals should be isolated from those who have just entered upon the path of crime, for while insanity is not contagious, criminal propensity is.

Third Annual COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS' MASSEY HALL Concert

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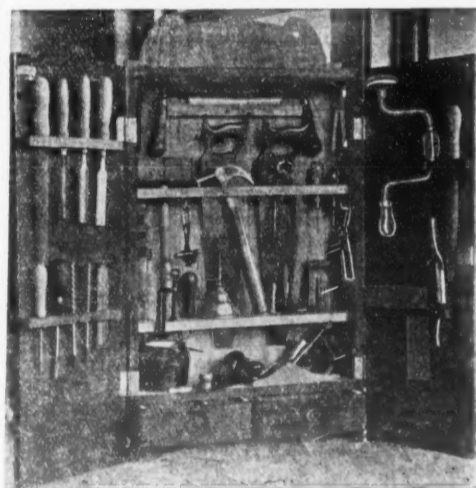
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Poems, old and new, by Frederick George Scott, Toronto: William Briggs.

THIS collection of Mr. Scott's poems—apart from anything it may boast of intrinsic worth, so inviting in respect of the combined requisites of book-making, typography, paper, binding—will be hailed with pleasure by all admirers of elevated, with gratitude by all cravers for elevating composition. The pages of the volume, as the publisher's preface relates, embody cullings from My Lattice and The Unnamed Lake, with the addition of a number of fugitive pieces written subsequently to those publications—some already made familiar with the printer's ink, others seeing the light for the first time within its covers.

Alike delicious and refreshing to the lover of poetry as a tasting of the goodly assortment of fruit picked from the laden orchard of his imagination, which the poet invites us to partake, approves it to be no less contenting to the feaster's eye, is the elegant salver of form which bears the donation.

Mr. Scott's numbers, as ventures like "A Reverie," "Among the Spruces," and many others, certify, not only betray the delicate touch, the tripping movement, the cheery lilt found to be such distinguishing features of Lampman's and Carman's rhyme, but testify that he causes to be passed through the hopper of his reason grain of as fine a standard as either of those famous millers of invention has ground, while they demonstrate, as well, that the lyre he handles, whenever demand for more masculine, a fuller-volume music, is made upon it, can evoke those energetic and stirring chords which Roberts and Campbell sound, at times, so completely and effectively. Such pulse-quickenings notes as are veiled by the contributions in *Via Mortis*, *A Dream of the Prehistoric*, and *The Burden of Time*; such alarm-freighted calls as are uttered through *Natura Victrix* and *Samsone*, none of our Canadian poets, and but few of their trans-Atlantic brethren, have, in the judgment of the reviewer, yet produced. Neither will the singular merit inhering, in the versification—so far as the department of prosody is concerned—fall, on the most cursory inspection, to be discerned; its uniform melody conveys at once a soothing and comforting influence. The confession, in truth, is due from an appraiser of these metrical specimens that the resolute striver—only it may be after continued attacks—has carried the frowning redoubt of externals.

Thor, the most extended effort in the compilation—with the venturesome flights of aerial fancy it reveals, the sumptuous imagery in which the sentiments are draped—is in fabric distinctly Shelleyan. The progress through marginless space of phantasmal chariots, transporting immaterial passengers, which the perplexed watcher of the pageants in *Queen Mab* is asked to follow (the pretension is not, of course, advanced that there is the slightest censurable likeness), is recalled by certain stanzas. A peruser, it need scarcely be professed, had firm assurance beforehand that, in the cultivating of any product by Mr. Scott, no free-thinker's tares would enter to choke the wheat.

Dion embarks the story and harsh destiny of the Syracusan who, on assuming power, after having twice delivered the city from the tyranny of Dionysius—is ere long, without valid provocation furnished by the character of his own way, pursued to the death by the ungrateful citizens. The flame-like rush of nervous declamation the central figure employs to recite the danger, and the stress he was obliged to encounter on the people's behalf, whom he ruthlessly flays for their ignoble reversal of attitude, picturing, as he proceeds, the entry and turning of the anger in his breast, which news, too rashly credited, of his wife's position as the coerced victim of a favorite's concupiscence had licensed, is intensely moving. This production and *The Freeing of Prometheus* disclose the arresting quality of the singer's blank verse. In signal contrast to the performances, *The Everlasting Father* and *Calvary*, with the lessons they instill of surrender and trust, are noticed blithesome and playful emanations, like *The Sprite* and *To a Fly in Winter*.

I am quite unable to withstand the temptation to place before the reader, that he may pass upon their purity—may predicate for himself the genuineness of the whole—a few of those brilliant of thought which are seen depending from the slightly reckless of diction the purveyor has fashioned for their support. Take, for example, these excerpts—chosen at random almost—from *Natura Victrix*:

Round me with majestic bearing
Stood the giant mountains, wearing
Helmets of eternal snows,
(Clift by Nature's labor thrones,
Monster faces, mutely staring
Upward into God's repose.

"Would that I, amid the splendor
Of the thunder-blasts, could render
Back the dismal dole of birth,
Fusing soul-clouds, and the tender
Green of everlasting earth."

Is further evidence required to prove a resurgence in the person of the author, of Edgar Allan Poe? This poem fairly bristles with original and lofty contemplation. Survey, as evidence, this extract:

"Or ye freighted ones who fall
On the poppy slopes of hell."

Again, in *A Dream of the Prehistoric* occurs this splendid line:

"Were the hearts in whose furnace of anguish
Was smelted the gold of our love."

Then, in *Thor*—speaking of the sun's withdrawal from the sky—he uses the striking phrase "sun-widowed." In the same attempt is this remarkable language:

"I bring thee my strength for a dower
And deeds like the path of the sun."

Where compositions warranting so small an abatement of praise are involved it might be held to savor of undue flattery; but to call attention to instances of dubious expression. The feeling of responsibility, nevertheless, that weighs upon the

honest critic decrees fulfillment of that thankless office. In *A Dream of the Prehistoric* the line is met:

"And the brains from whose twilight of instinct
Has risen the dawn of our thought."

Is not the morning twilight itself the dawn? This phase of the atmosphere—gradual dispersion of the darkness—is certainly defined as the change in aspect which continues unbrokenly till sunrise. How, then, if the twilight be immediately prelude of the dawn, can the latter be said to arise from it? Mr. Scott, besides, has, in numerous places, acknowledged the truth of this theory. In the poem likewise, in *Via Mortis*, the intelligence is vouchsafed that "eyeless mariners, without a helm, steer down the seas," etc.

Now, the practicability of conducting the grave operation of steering a vessel under the compound disadvantage of blind navigators and the absence of a helm is difficult to appreciate.

The meaning sought to be conveyed that some agent within provides an adequate substitute for both visual faculty and external appliance is susceptible, doubtless, of being grasped, but does not the function in question absolutely require these co-operating ministries? Fare or move they might, but surely not steer.

Lastly, is the line, "a wind of scattered straws" altogether legitimate?

Foregoing enlarged comment on this division of the work, the sonnets, in which so much grandeur and solidity of reflection are enshrined, seem rhythmically beyond criticism.

To conclude—from the standard of living commended—the necessity for diligence and zeal in pursuit of worthy ends impressed—through the major portion of his teaching, it may easily be deduced that, from the sacred enclosure he is wont to occupy, Mr. Scott preaches, with at least equal emphasis and force, the same Gospel of high aspiration, strenuous endeavor, helpful service, that is urged from the supplemental pulpit where he delivers a message to which one person, at all events, has rapturously listened.

J. B. MACKENZIE.

Toronto, Dec. 18, 1899.

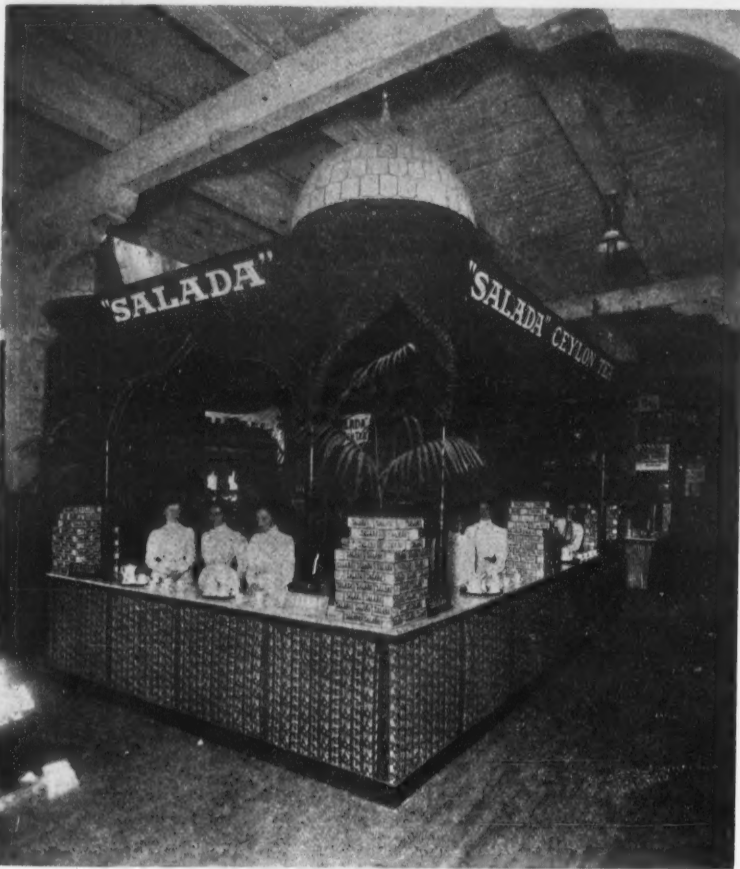
Canadians are welcoming the very fine effort which has been made this year by the Toronto Art League to eclipse all their previous productions in the shape of art calendars. This is not a gaudy-colored calendar made in Germany, in which sugary young ladies with pink cheeks are represented as sporting themselves among chromatic landscapes, but it consists of a series of most artistic drawings of Canadian life. It represents the work of a number of Canadian artists, many of whom have taken high positions in the illustrating world both here and in the United States, among them being: Messrs. C. W. Jefferys, D. E. Thompson, J. W. Cotton, Will Bengough, C. M. Manley, Holmes, R. Weir Crouch, Clark, A. H. Howard, W. Alexander, W. D. Blatchly and F. H. Bridgen. The theme of the publication this year is the industrial, commercial and social progress of Canada during the past one hundred years. This is set forth by pictures which contrast, for instance, the coach of the early years of the century with the electric car of today; the prairie with the modern cattle ranch; the sleighing on the St. Lawrence with the modern street; the immigrants of 1830 with the modern railroad station; the peddler of the old time with the freight train of today. The cover of this handsome publication is designed by Mr. R. Weir Crouch, formerly of Toronto but now one of New York's most promising artists in the field of design. To be able to send to friends at a distance so admirable a production as this for the small sum of 35 cents, must be esteemed a very high privilege.

A new work which Mr. Fisher Unwin has just published is likely to astonish scientific and classical scholars by attempting to demonstrate that the basis of all our modern scientific knowledge was familiar to the philosophers of pre-Homeric times, and that latter-day discoveries are simply a development of the ideas and principles formulated by the leaders of thought who flourished anterior to the Christian era. The new work bears the title *The Gods of Old and the Story that they Tell*.

We desire to thank Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, the London publisher, for a copy of *Unwin's Chap Book*, which is a very interesting publication, and carries announcements of many good things in the publishing line, and a lot of interesting information and ideas to all who write and print.

"C" Company Canadian Contingent, the flag picture containing 124 portraits of officers, nurses, war correspondents, and men from Toronto, Hamilton and district, who are in the war in South Africa, which was published with SATURDAY NIGHT'S Christmas Number, is in such demand that a second edition has been printed. Our Christmas Number was entirely sold out in a few days after being printed and no more copies of it can possibly be had. To meet the very large demand for the flag picture this second edition has been issued and will sell at ten cents a copy. It will be sold by newsdealers in Toronto and in outside places, and the boys who canvassed for the Christmas Number will be supplied at trade rates on applying at this office. Orders by mail for single copies will be promptly filled. The picture is printed in colors on fine coated paper with a three-inch margin, ready for framing.

The Christmas issue of *Varsity*, although by no means so ambitious nor so important a number as *Acta Victoriana* issued, is yet a very creditable production. This movement among the college publications towards producing something really meritorious once a year is a gratifying sign of the times. It is bound to interest college men in the literary work being done by Canadian writers. On the opening page of *Varsity* is an excellent poem by Arthur J. Stringer that is singularly appropriate as coming from a gradu-



SALADA TEA EXHIBIT AT THE CELEBRATED BOSTON PURE FOOD SHOW.

ate to student readers. Hamilton Wright Mable discusses contemporary literature. W. A. Fraser contributes a short story entitled *Sorrow*, written in his forceful style. Joanna E. Wood also writes a strong story entitled *Sweetest Eyes Were Ever Seen*, and there are several good articles by members of the faculty and by students. It is, as I have already said, a production that reflects credit on the editors of *Varsity* and gives promise of the time when the students will feel it a duty and a privilege to put out something conspicuously good to show their interest in literature and their ideas of artistic printing.

Goldwin Smith's *Shakespeare: the Man*, is a pleasant little contribution to the literature that deals with the immortal bard. In it the Professor is at his best. Its pages display him as the literary thinker looking out in a calm and thoughtful interest on the pages of Shakespeare and the period when he lived. The historic imagination of the author brings back the time in which the poet wrote those verses that are for all time, and those plays which will probably be acted more or less to the theater's latest days. As a result we have an estimate of Shakespeare's personality which is exceedingly interesting. All book lovers will find a place on their shelves for this attractive little volume.

Among books of poetry suitable for gift-books may be mentioned the two delightful little volumes of Paul Laurence Dunbar, *Lyrics of Lowly Life* and *Lyrics of the Hearth Side*, either of which would be a most estimable and attractive offering as the expression of a warm and tender feeling of a more or less poetic kind from one person of sensibility to another. There is in these poems the mark of true genius and deep feeling, while their spontaneity and grace will make them beloved. The high praise given to them by a critic so able as W. D. Howells is a sufficient testimonial to their worth.

For a picture-loving, animal-adoring boy, there could be no better present than *Natural History with Anecdote* by Alfred H. Miles. The pictures in this book are not only colored, but they are very satisfactory from an artistic point of view. There never was anything more interesting to most youthful male minds than stories of animals. The lions are fierce and tigers sinuous. Some of the pictures of fishes, too, are produced with great chromatic splendor and effect.

Morang & Co. have now in the press a

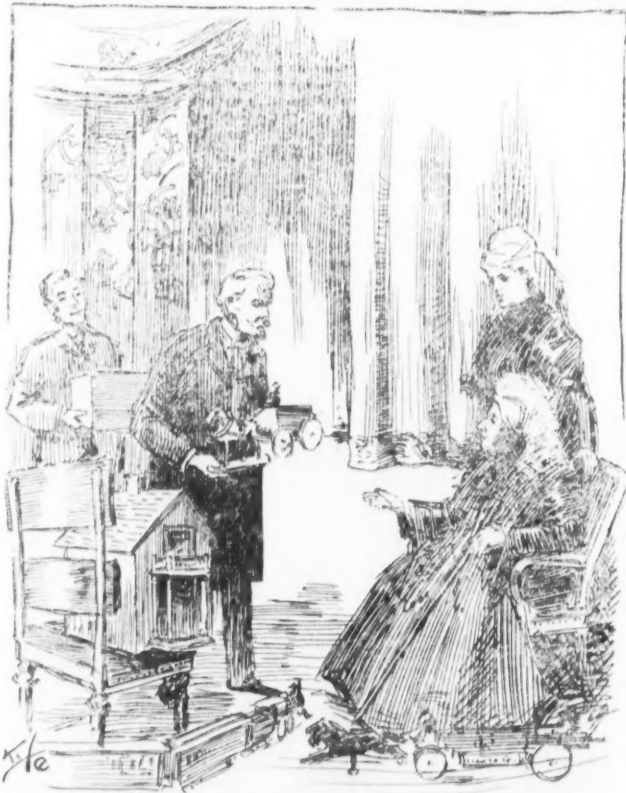
book entitled *Lessons in Skating*, which will take the cake in that particular line of sport. It is the work of Mr. George A. Meagher, the champion skater of the world, and is introduced by a serious and important preface by Lord Derby. The volume is dedicated to the most graceful lady skater in the world, Lady Minto, who, it is understood, has benefited considerably in perfecting her art through the instructions of Mr. Meagher, whose name, by the way, is pronounced as if written Mar. The work is not only illustrated by numerous half-tones representing Mr. Meagher in various skating attitudes, but by hundreds of diagrams which will initiate the reader into the mysteries of those wonderful curves which always excite the envious admiration of the beholder who watches an accomplished skater on his chosen frozen stage. The advance sale of this book is already considerable, and there is no doubt it will be much talked of during the present skating season, as it really ministers to a long felt want.

The very great success that has attended the publication of Louis Frechette's Christmas in French Canada has necessitated the immediate production of a second edition. It is *par excellence* the gift book of the present season, being thoroughly interesting as to matter, most artistically illustrated, and in typography and binding easily taking the first place among books of Canadian production. Morang & Co. have done a real service to Canada by the production of this handsome volume, which has shown that the book-making resources of Toronto are equal to those of any publishing center of the world. As Christmas draws near people are rushing for a copy of the first edition of this fine work, which at the price of \$2.00 is one of the cheapest gift books, when excellence is considered, to be found among the delightful contents of the booksellers' counters. The fact is that Mr. Frechette has, in this book, struck the true Yule-tide note and through his sympathetic pages we hear the sound of carols and the crash of Christmas bells.

The desk calendar pad of the Pope Mfg. Co. has become indispensable to many business men.

Ernest Seton Thompson's *Wild Animals I Have Known* is already in its twenty-third thousand.

Woman—These fish don't seem very fresh. Fish Hawker (growlingly)—Wot you wants is fish caught to-morrow, and ave em to-day!



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Drawn from a photograph.

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A novel in which the author of "One Summer," "Queen," etc., returns to her earliest and most sympathetic manner. The story centers in the daughter of a Swabian peasant family, at service in a German noble's household."	CLIPPED WINGS. A popular story (second edition). By MRS. MCALLISTER. Cloth, etc. "Witty and Wise."—Toronto <i>Mail and Empire</i> .
CHRONICLES OF ANT MINERVY ANN. By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS. Profusely illustrated by A. B. Frost. Cloth, \$1.25.	"One of the best Canadian stories that has been lately published."—Montreal <i>Star</i> .
Mr. Harris has succeeded in creating a second original character as whimsically charming and individual as "Uncle Remus." Ant Minervy Ann is an old-fashioned negro mammy of a sort now just dying out in the South. This is one of the best Christmas books.	"It is a human story—a natural, wholesome picture of the every-day life of people whom we seem to know. I like it much."—Jean Blewett.
A DOUBLE THREAD. By ELLEN THORNEY-CROFT FOWLER, author of "Concerning Isabel Caraby." Cloth, \$1.25; Cloth, Gilt Top, \$1.50; Half Calf, \$2.50.	
"Miss Fowler's best piece of literary work."—Methodist Recorder.	

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Studio and Gallery

In order to acquaint the world at large with what Canada has been contributing to the sum total of the universal products of genius; to show what a very progressive people we really are, (the ladies, I mean), and to make that same cosmos realize that they have missed the chance of their life in not being Canadian, the women of Canada are going to set forth such a claim—a list of claims, indeed,—built solidly on the foundation of what we have really accomplished in art, as will be a revelation to the inhabitants of older countries, who reckon us with the aborigines and still maintain the delusion that we shoot a bear for breakfast and sleep on—or under—his hide at night, and who still send us missionaries to inaugurate Christianity amongst us. So if anybody knows anything "we" do not know about any achievement whatsoever in art, which is creditable, of course, to us, will they kindly tell us what it is, and we will swell thereby the proportions of art bulk, and be better qualified to rub it into the "furriners." Mrs. Dignam, 284 St. George street, is convener of the committee, and will be glad to receive accredited information. She will pass it on and, ultimately, through Miss Teresa Wilson, it will reach Paris and be scattered broadcast at the coming Exposition. Seeing that this is about all the Canadian art made public there we seriously trust it will be a credit to us. If only our Government would lay their heads together like the Edinburgh Council did for the block paving, we think something might still be accomplished for Canadian art. The reflex advantage of this to the country, everybody knows would be beneficial.

Miss Teresa Wilson, who is she? Well, she is an importation, a consequence of the Aberdeen regime, who for the trifling consideration of \$1,000 a year of the money of Canadian women, has undertaken to show that part of our womanhood which constitutes the National Council—national, mind you—of Women, how to manage its affairs. For the same trifling consideration and a little more, possibly, she will appear before the assembled world at Paris as the concentrated embodiment of the Canadian women, especially those by whose brains anything has been added to the country's wealth in any department, as well as in art. No doubt Miss Wilson is an excellent lady, quite all my fancy paints her, a very good element—in the wrong place. We like things dyed in the wool, and we just go as far as is Scriptural in indignation when we reflect that it is possible we may all appear at the Exposition as *protegees* of Aberdeen policy, and infants still fed with pap and under the care of a nurse.

We are always glad when places outside of Toronto send us word of their art doings. We have aimed at establishing such communication with cities and towns having anything of interest to say, and will be always glad to hear from them. Orillia tells us:

Even in the northern towns the fires of art are not permitted to go out. On Monday evening last the Orillia Amateur Art Circle held its second meeting of this season at Birchmere, the residence of Mr. C. Corbould. The work for illustration was The Ancient Mariner, Coleridge's masterpiece, and the production would certainly have done credit to even more pretentious painters. A contribution by Mr. J. W. L. Forster of Toronto was very much admired. An essay on the life of Turner was read by Mr. E. A. Humphries and impromptu sketches made from subjects suggested. Under the presidency of Rev. Canon Greene, who is well known as a capable artist, the circle has done and will do much good work.

Any one feeling the pulse of the art body here will be sure to have noticed a quicker, a more vital beat evidencing itself in several ways. We might enlarge on several of these indications of renewed vitality, but let us content ourselves with this one, viz., a decided impulse in the direction of applied art for industrial and commercial purposes. Nothing is surer than that the minds of many are turning seriously to this phase of art development, and it is interesting to know that the Ontario Society of Artists purpose gathering together here all the available evidences of original art in manufacturing interests, and compelling the public to look for once, not at the wearing quality nor the money value so much—although art is an eminently sensible thing and serves humanity well when it is permitted so to do—as at the artistic conception embodied in the original design which likely has proceeded from the united brains and heart of some genius. The secretary of the O. S. A. writes us:

The Ontario Society of Artists have decided to hold an exhibition of applied art with the object of encouraging original Canadian designs and their use by our manufacturers. It will be held in the art galleries of the Society during the month of March, 1900. The committee of management are Messrs. G. A. Reid, C. M. Manly, R. F. Gagen, F. McG. Knowles, Gustav

Hahn and F. S. Challenger. A circular explaining the nature and objects of the Applied Art Exhibition will be issued to designers and manufacturers when printed.

Open studio day on the first Saturday of each month promises to become a recognized institution in Toronto. We have now so many of these centers of aesthetic culture, abounding in objects of art interest, both of imported material and of what is of far more concern to us—evidences of the status of Canadian art effort. It is indeed a delightful privilege to visit these rooms, where there is so much beauty and where we become acquainted with a profession which is becoming a more recognized force in our city life. In these days, when darkness falls over us so early in the day, it is well to remember that most can be appreciated in daylight, and as the studios are open from two in the afternoon it is well to take advantage of the daylight:

Miss Laura Muntz, Room 8, Yonge street arcade; Miss G. E. Spurr, Room 11, 15 Toronto street; O. P. Staples, Mulland place, off Homewood avenue; R. F. Gagen, 30 Yonge street; F. M. Bell-Smith, 336 Jarvis street; M. E. Dignam, 284 St. George street; E. Wylye Grier, Imperial Bank Buildings; Miss Hagarty, Room 30, York Chambers, Toronto street; Miss Heaven, York Chambers; C. M. Manly, York Chambers, Toronto street; Henry Martin, 35 Gloucester street; Miss M. Cary McConnell, 3 King street east; G. A. Reid and Mrs. M. H. Reid, Room V, Yonge street arcade.

Miss Grace D. Kerr, 76 Howard street, gathered up her scattered treasures of ceramic art last week and courteously and generously invited her friends to come to see them, an invitation which very many responded to and were glad they did. There were many delightful bits treated daintily and modestly, and we know it will not be at all necessary in the interests of art to do as Miss Kerr thinks inevitable, "to die and so become famous." Most of us will be forced, we fear, to resort to that extremity, but not Miss Kerr.

The Saturday Sketch held its final session for the season at the home of Miss Kerr, when a young lady in *directoire* hat and the *et ceteras* which those who attended the Portrait Loan can recall, and bright little Miss Sloan in evening costume, with black picture hat, posed for the delight of the professionals, and to the confusion of the amateurs. The walls of Miss Kerr's studio are covered with trophies of these Saturday night sketches.

Miss E. May Martin, O.S.A., and teacher of art in the Presbyterian Ladies' College, if heredity has any claim to respect, should be an artist. She has studied art all her lifetime as well, and been an exhibitor in many of our exhibitions. Last week she also collected a display of both paintings and ceramic art and bid her friends to the feast. Miss Martin copies from none in her designs for her china; as a result many bits of decoration were fresh and interesting. Witch-hazel, for instance, Iceland poppies and Persian yellow roses are all capable of most artistic effects. A beautiful plaque, painted recently under the instruction of F. B. Aulich, in flesh and pink roses on a delightfully shaded background, grading from light yellow to deep green, was worthy much admiration. Many water-colors, of Canadian scenery mostly, helped to make a most attractive display, containing too much for particular description here.

T. Mower Martin, R.C.A., held an exhibition on which the local papers of British Columbia used up nearly all their adjectives recently. A collection of oils and water colors, painted out west, of subjects Western, in which landscapes, game and flowers were well represented. The papers gave the preference mainly to the pheasants and ducks, and we who know Mr. Martin's skill in the plumage of birds, and the sympathy of kindly, genial nature with his subjects, commend the discrimination of the scribes out west. Mr. Martin has sent home a whole portfolio of pieces which, no doubt, his friends can see any Saturday noon in Miss Martin's studio, 110 Crescent road.

In the Art Metropole are many charming devices for making Christmas a memorable and happy season. Photograph frames are specially cultivated, especially those for a number of photos. Artistic decorations of flowers and other suitable materials executed with much taste and judgment make these especially pretty. Calendars are there in abundance, also prettily decorated, and many other interesting trifles, all chosen with the appreciation of the needs of cultivated people.

Lovers' Rash and Eccentric Vows.

From TIC-BITS.
"All right, then, I won't. Not a morsel shall pass my lips until you promise to be mine," was the rash vow uttered last year by a young Liverpool clerk, who, on protesting to the girl he loved that by reason of her fickle conduct he was unable to eat, received the curt response: "Nonsense; you mean you won't."

Five days later the young man was found by his landlady lying on his bed, reduced by starvation almost to death's door. Struck by such an abnormal proof of affection the girl relented, but only just in time to save her lover's life.

"You must—you must give your consent to my marrying Edith," cried an ardent wooer to a certain Mr. Reeve, whom he desired to call father-in-law. "I shall not leave this room until you do—unless, of course, you use force."

"Oh, I shan't do that," returned the old gentleman, as with a smile he left the apartment.

The lover was true to his word; he did not budge, but remained in the room the whole of that day and the next. On the morning of the third day Mr. Reeve asked him whether he would not reconsider his determination; but, although faint for want of food, he stuck to his guns. Thereupon Mr. Reeve, laughingly remarking that he did not wish a death upon his conscience, referred him to his daughter.

The following amusing episode occurred four months since at Bradford. "I shall be married within the year," said Mr. C—to some friends. "Didn't know you were even engaged," returned one. "No, but it's as good as settled. At any rate, I shall be before I sleep—that I swear," was the answer. "Well, we shall see," remarked Dick T—the brother of the lady to whom the above words had reference, adding, as he strolled away, "Keep him to his word, you fellows."

Soon afterwards C—repaired to Miss T—'s house, only to learn to his mortification that she had left town for a few days, and that her address was not known. "You'll have to sleep on your disappointment, after all," laughed his friends. "I'll be hanged if I do!" he exclaimed; "I won't eat my words." For six nights he managed, with his comrades' assistance, to ward off sleep. On the seventh day, however, Miss T—, who, at her brother's instigation, had purposely kept out of the way, was again at home. That night C—slept long and deep.

"I will follow you everywhere until you promise to be my wife," cried a young

Parisian a few months since to a lady whose charms had captured his sensitive heart. "If you do," she archly replied, "I will certainly promise." Great was the lover's rapture, until he ascertained that the fair one was a celebrated "lion-queen," who was displaying her intrepidity at a menagerie in the neighborhood. He manfully, however, stuck to his word, and, following her into the den, received his just reward.

Last autumn a young American named Barrance, who was very lavish with his vows as to what he would do for his innamorata's sake, even unto the sacrifice of life itself, was requested by the lady to make good his words by leaping from Brooklyn Bridge. He promptly did so, fortunately escaping without injury.

Four years since a lady living in one of the southern counties was so imbued with the spirit of romance that she refused to wed a wealthy gentleman, who lived in the neighborhood, until he had proved the sincerity of his love by undergoing one of those extravagant ordeals not uncommon in the Middle Ages. He fell in with her humor, which required of him that he should neither have his nails nor hair cut for the space of a year. Naturally, he soon wished to cry off, but the lady was good, and, as he was very much in love, he bore bravely the unmerciful chaff of his friends for the sake of the happiness that the future had in store.



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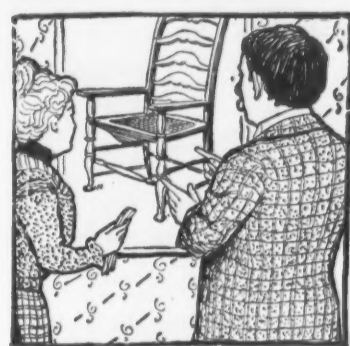


Christmas Furs

Just the rarest stock of fine quality furs you'll find on the continent—that always has been our reputation, and high as we've always kept the standard for quality and style you'll find this season's collection goes the past season one better—there's no more appropriate thing to give at Xmas than a bit of nice fur—for either lady or gentleman—and what we show have been made up in our own workrooms so that our guarantee for goodness goes with everything we sell—Don't put off selecting an hour later than possible because there'll be a tremendous lot of fur buying crowded in the last minutes this Xmas—Everything that's stylish and good in furs for man, woman, boy or girl—visit the showrooms—

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Nearly every item in this list represents many different designs (some of them of quite exceptional beauty) and a wide range of prices:—

Music Secretaries—a decidedly attractive Novelty	Fancy Chairs and Rockers
Music Cabinets	Fancy Tables and Stands
Bric-a-Brac Cabinets	Gilded Chairs and Divans
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China Closets	Reception Chairs and Settees
Hall Boxes and Settees	Fenders and Fire Irons
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Palm Stands and Tabourets	Morris Easy Chairs
Secretaries and Desks	Dressing Tables and Dressers
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Look to your Dining Table, and if there's doubt as to its ability to accommodate your Christmas dinner party see us about a new one. Our stock in this line also is at high water mark.

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Style No. 2

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The Children's Aid Society.

THE Children's Aid Society of Toronto has for its motto: "It is wiser and less expensive to save children than to punish criminals." During the year ending September last the Society gave out for adoption fifty-seven children that were in its possession. There are now 240 children under the protection of the Society, in foster homes—all comfortable, and nearly all prosperous and happy. On September 30 there were only eight children in charge of the Society awaiting homes, six less than at the same time last year. The number of complaints and children's court cases in Toronto during the year was 1,213 and in these 1,500 children were involved. The complaints of neglect or ill treatment of children numbered 384, and in 46 cases the Society assumed charge of the children.

Previous to the passing of the Act under which the Society operates, and similar Acts in Great Britain and the United States, there was no protection for the "little citizen," and parents often seemed to think that they owned their children and could use them and abuse them as they liked. The effect of the laws for the protection of children has been to rudely awaken cruel and neglectful parents to the fact that the law of the land regards them as the rightful guardians of their children as long as they do their duty by them, while it clearly shows that the children are citizens whom the state is bound to protect. Under these benign laws, now, not only the citizen who has reached majority, but the citizen a day old has an equal right to the protection which the law affords.

This Society is therefore not a charity merely, but also a subordinate governmental agency for the express purpose of protecting the helpless and acting as their legal representative in the criminal courts.

The Shelter is an important branch of the Society's work. Here homeless, lost, deserted and arrested children are temporarily placed until they can be properly disposed of. During the year 379 passed through the Shelter, and in the eight years of its existence the number of children sheltered has been 2,050. A great deal of clothing donated by charitably inclined people has been bestowed upon the children passing through this institution, and SATURDAY NIGHT thinks it well to bring the work of this Society before its readers at this Christmas season. It is a work that should not be overlooked. The president of the Society is Mr. J. K. MacDonald; the vice-presidents are Dr. Oldright, Dr. W. Harley Smith, Mr. R. S. Baird and Mr. H. B. Frankland; secretary, Mr. J. Stuart Coleman.

Social and Personal.

Saucy, daring, and above all chic to a nicety, are the colored studies of society girls' heads exhibited in Matthews' windows this week, and a glance tells the initiated that they are the work of Katherine Shearar. Miss Shearar is a cousin of that popular young man, Mr. Colin Harbottle. In addition to her special work Miss Shearar has gotten out a very dainty calendar on sale at Bain's bookstore, all avant-courier of the more ambitious affair in preparation for the year 1901. Miss Shearar is a bright and delightful girl, and only at the outset of a career of artistic success.

Mrs. FitzGibbon, whose recent visit to the North-West and subsequent enthusiasm have interested a class of Toronto people not heretofore much instructed in our great territory and its emigration schemes, is now talking up the matter in Montreal. Those who have heard Mrs. FitzGibbon talk on any subject from the Dolly Dialogues to the Doukhobors, know the fascination of her voice and manner, and can easily believe she will arouse great interest in her present topic.

Miss Alexandrina Ramsay, who is remembered as one of Toronto's most artistic entertainers, appeared lately in a presentation of Tamlin at Edinburgh, Scotland, and the press there has been quite flattering in its notices of her performance. The play is an adaptation of the old Scottish ballad Tamlane, by Lady Archibald Campbell. Readers of Scott's Border Minstrelsy will remember the thrilling episodes of the ballad, describing the kidnapping of Tamlane by the fairies as an

infant, his tryst in after years with Lady Jean, and her courageous rescue of him from the fairy queen. Lady Campbell took the part of Tamlane, Miss Jessie MacLachlan, the eminent Scottish vocalist, that of Lady Jean, and Miss Alexandrina Ramsay that of the Fairy Queen. Miss Ramsay has for more than two years played in Beerbohm Tree's company in Her Majesty's Theater, London, with much credit to herself, and she has won popularity as a reader and vocalist at the large Scottish concerts in the British cities. She was specially engaged for Tamlin by Lady Archibald Campbell on account of her success in such roles as that of the Fairy Queen, requiring an imposing presence and superior dramatic power. The Glasgow Evening News remarks: "Miss Alexandrina Ramsay's magnificent figure and thrilling voice gave great intensity to her rendering of the evil genius of Tamlin. . . . One would have been glad to have seen more of her, so stately and dramatic did she look." It may be of interest to refer to an act of Miss Ramsay's at Liverpool which has brought to her much praise. When reciting (for the third time) before the St. Andrew's Society there she gave by special request, Kipling's An Ab-et-Mind Beggar, which greatly moved the audience. When acknowledging the applause she appeared

for a collection for the widows and orphans of the South Africa soldiers, and £47 2s was contributed on the spot, and sent to the treasurer of the Widows and Orphans' League.

The marriage of Miss Ada Hamilton Lowndes and Mr. Fred Howard Gray will take place in St. Thomas church on Wednesday morning, December 27. A reception will be held afterwards at Mr. and Mrs. Lowndes' residence in Madison avenue.

Miss Elizabeth Thomas, daughter of Mr. Edwin Thomas of 96 St. Joseph street, and Miss Essie Case of 12 Spadina road, daughter of Mr. G. Allen Case, are two youthful hostesses of this holiday season whose young friends were charmed to receive their invitations. Miss Thomas had a lovely party last evening, and Miss Case has chosen vacation Friday for her dance.

Teacher—If one man can perform a piece of work in six days, how long will it take six men to do it? Willie—About six weeks. Teacher—How do you get that? Willie—Six men would get up a strike.

She (in fright)—Oh, Tom, why do you make such awful faces at me? He (contritely)—I can't help it, dear. My eye-glasses are falling off, and I don't want to let go of your hands.

"Ma," said a newspaper man's son, "I know why editors call themselves 'we.' " "Why?" "So's the man that doesn't like the article will think there are too many people for him to tackle."

Auntie—Where is the money you had saved up last week? Tommy—Father said I was to save it up for a rainy day. It was a rainy day yesterday, and so I spent it.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

STARK—Dec. 14, Mrs. Harry L. Stark, a daughter.
STROWGER—Dec. 13, Mrs. W. A. Strowger, a son.
HICKS—Dec. 11, Mrs. Geo. J. Hicks, a daughter.
KENNEDY—Dec. 19, Mrs. A. M. Kennedy, a daughter.
GILPIN—Dec. 18, Mrs. James Gilpin, a son.
ROBINSON—Dec. 19, Mrs. R. H. Robinson, a daughter.

Marriages.

BROOKE HETHERINGTON—Dec. 16, G. H. Capron Brooke to his sister Hetherington.
JOHNSTON—Dec. 24, Strachan Johnston to May Murray, a daughter.
STEINER-BAUMACH—Dec. 13, Milwaukee, Wis., August L. Steiner of Toronto, to Barone von Baumach.

Deaths.

BEERS—On Dec. 18, at the residence of her husband, 29 Fifth Avenue, Ellen Elizabeth, daughter of the late Sir George M. Beers, K.C.B., and beloved wife of Lieut. J. Beers, in her 64th year. English and Irish papers please copy.
ALGER—Dec. 16, Louis R. Alger, aged 48.
MORRIS—Edmund Morris, aged 67.
ROGERS—Dec. 16, Mrs. James E. Rogers.
CLARKSON—Mr. J. mes Clarkson.
CLELAND—Dec. 17, Rev. William Cleland, aged 75.
LAUDER—Dec. 18, John Lauder.
McFARLANE—Dec. 17, Donald McFarlane, aged 81.
RYAN—Dec. 18, Mrs. Jessie L. Ryan.
SHEPHERD—Dec. 13, North Bay, Dorothy Frances Shepherd, aged 2.
ARMSTRONG—Martha A. Armstrong, aged 18.
DONOHUE—Dec. 19, James Donohue, aged 87.

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SINGLE FIRST-CLASS FARE AND ONE-THIRD
Good going Dec. 22nd, 23rd, 24th, and 25th, valid to return until Dec. 27th.

NEW YEAR

SINGLE FIRST-CLASS FARE
Good going Dec. 30th and 31st, 1899, Jan. 1st, 1900, valid to return until Jan. 2nd, 1900.
SINGLE FIRST-CLASS FARE AND ONE-THIRD
Good going Dec. 29th, 30th, and 31st, 1899, and Jan. 1st, 1900, valid to return until Jan. 3rd, 1900.
Between all Stations in Canada on Grand Trunk Railway System.

From Grand Trunk Stations in Canada to Detroit and St. Louis.
From Grand Trunk Stations in Canada to, but not from, Buffalo, Black Rock, Niagara Falls and Suspension Bridge, N.Y.

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SINGLE FIRST-CLASS FARE AND ONE-THIRD, (on surrender of Certificate) from December 19th to 31st inclusive, valid to return until Jan. 17th, 1900.

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DISTRICT—Between Stations in Canada only.
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Going Dec. 22 to 25; returning until Dec. 27, 1899.

TEACHERS AND STUDENTS

(On surrender of Certificate signed by Principal)

SINGLE FIRST-CLASS FARE AND ONE-THIRD

Going Dec. 9 to 31, 1899; returning until Jan. 17, 1900.

Between all stations in Canada, Port Arthur, Sault Ste. Marie, Windsor and East, to and from Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., and Detroit, Mich.; and to, but NOT FROM, Suspension Bridge, N. Y., and Buffalo, N. Y.

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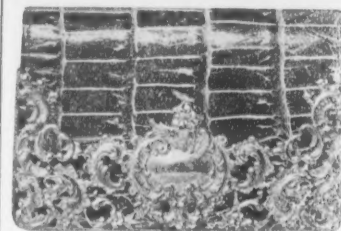
SINGLE FIRST-CLASS FARE

Going Dec. 18 to 25, 1899; returning until Jan. 3, 1900.

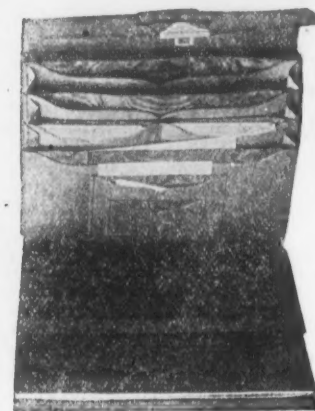
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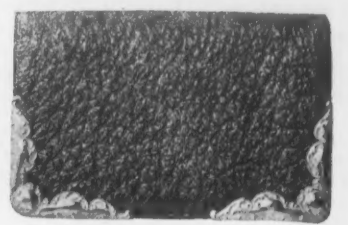
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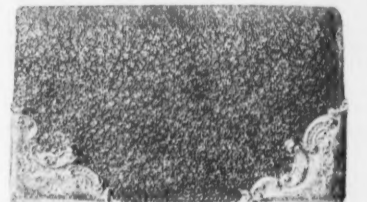
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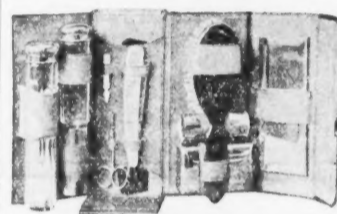
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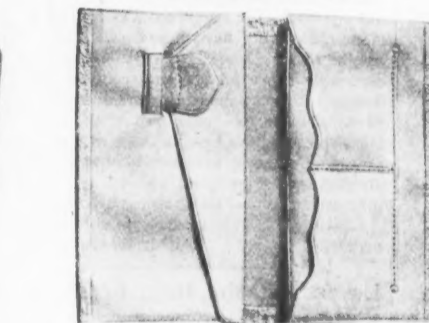
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The transfer books will be closed from the 15th to the 31st of December, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board. S. C. WOOD,
Managing Director.

Toronto, December 14th, 1899.

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